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NOVEMBER, 1898. VOL. XVI.



In this issue: { Our Invasion of the Picturesque St. Joe River, in Northern Idaho.
The Neglected Crop.
Vancouver, Queen City of British Columbia.

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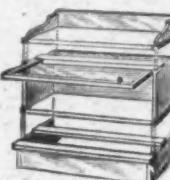
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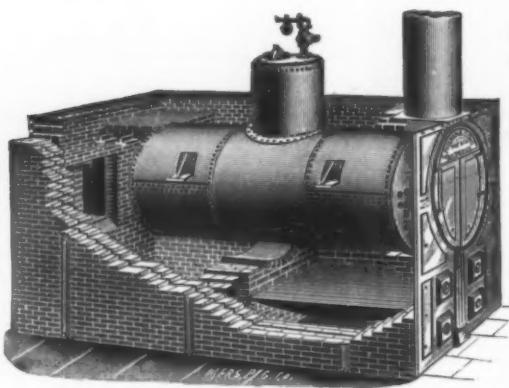
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OUR INVASION OF THE PICTURESQUE ST. JOE RIVER, IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

By Nellie M. Platt Thomas.

The Botanist, who is a friend of mine, had decided to spend her summer on the St. Joe River, one of the picturesque streams which wind their way through the mountainous districts of Idaho's most northern counties. In her case a decision was equivalent to prompt action, and in a brief while, delighted with her experience, she was writing me all about her environments, and requesting me to join her. It would be quite a long journey, and as thought of it arose in the maternal mind, that dear companion of my joys and sorrows concluded to accompany me, if only for the day or two that would be occupied by the trip.

After leaving Spokane, in Washington, we traveled thirty miles and soon found ourselves at Coeur d'Alene, in Idaho, alighting on a wharf at the shore of beautiful Coeur d'Alene Lake. Presently the little launch—Defender, steamed up, and then we started for the St. Joe.

Over the water we went to the head of the

lake, a distance of thirty miles, and then, entering the river, we continued another thirty miles or so before reaching the end of navigation.

The East Fork of the river rises in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains; the South Fork, which is probably the principal one, rises in the Bitter Root branch of the Rockies. The stream winds through Idaho to Coeur d'Alene Lake, into which the Coeur d'Alene River, mother of the Spokane, also empties.

Harrison, a genuine Western town, was reached at noon. It is built on a hill at the mouth of the Coeur d'Alene. So far we had had but one traveling companion—a little old man, of a generally dried-up appearance, who spent most of his time sleeping, but who was very sociable when awake. This, be it known, was our first encounter with a St. Joe bachelor. Three men came aboard at Harrison, and every one of them seemed to know this dweller on the river.

Passing Chatcolet, the river is entered. It is a narrow, beautiful stream, with high banks on both sides that are covered with bushes and trees which fall toward and grow from the water's edge. The master declared it to be as beautiful as the Rhine, which surpasses it only in historical interest. The St. Joe flows through an exceptionally fertile valley. In the spring of the year it is almost entirely covered with water, which causes the inhabitants to move back to the hills or gulches. Often it is necessary for the ranchmen to have two gardens—an early one, out of reach of the water, and a later one on the inundated land after the receding of the river.

Few, if any, trees can be raised on account of this same spring freshet. The principal products are hay, lumber, and strawberries.

These find a market in the great mining towns of the Coeur d'Alenes, whose mines, famous for their silver-lead ores, employ, when in full operation, over three thousand men.

There is no railroad nearer than Chatcolet; and in the dead of winter, when everything is frozen over and the steamboat whistle is no longer heard, the dwellers on the St. Joe find themselves cut off from the rest of the world. Letters cannot reach them, and there is no way of getting out of the country except by floundering through great snow-drifts. Then it is that the inhabitants spend their short days—which begin about 11 A. M. and end at 4 P. M., the



THE POLER, MAKING A RIFFLE.

"The most skillful boatman for miles around, and also a great fisherman."



THE SCOTCH TRAPPER.

"He made us welcome, and told us to eat as many berries as we could."

mountains keeping back the sun—in lumbering and fishing, and their long evenings in reading the precious papers and magazines left them by summer boarders.

If the winter has been mild, at Christmastime Captain Johnson, with his little Defender, pushes his way through the ice, and comes to the overjoyed people as a Santa Claus from another world.

The river twists in and out so that one's breath is almost taken on seeing the launch steaming for a bank, which seems to stretch



THE ST. JOE RIVER.

"One of the picturesque streams which wind their way through the mountainous districts of Northern Idaho."

directly across the course; and one's eyes are almost closed, waiting for the expected thump, when, lo! there is a quick movement at the wheel, and before one appears the river again, with another curve in the distance.

Arriving at St. Maries, the largest settlement on the St. Joe, the little old man, after slipping a pistol into his pocket, deserted us and was last seen bobbing up and down on shore. Near the end of the journey Mt. Carlin, named for General Carlin, but more generally known as "Baldy," reared itself above us, displaying new beauties at every bend of the river. Along in the evening the ranch was reached. It is a mile below navigation, and it was there that we met the Botanist.

Our quarters were of the Western kind you read about in books. Like nearly all the other houses on the river, it had been painted by nature. It was long, low, and had picturesque porches on either side. To the left, in front of

it, stands an open, rustic workshop, which the Botanist christened "The Summer Parlor," and in which we read. Back of this parlor is a log-cabin, used for a dairy, from which appeared shining pans of milk and delicious rolls of butter, for which Madam had become famous all along the river.

The three other occupants of the house beside Madam and Monsieur, were James G. Blaine, Pompey, and Dixie. Blaine was the dog, and Pomp and Dixie were two fine cats, passionately fond of catching chipmunks. Constant visitors at the house were the "Polar," a man of river fame, who made it his home when in that part of the country, and the "Boy."

A short distance from the ranch are the rapids, which are ascended in canoes pushed by long poles with pikes on the ends of them, and it is needless to say that this exploit requires a good deal of skill and strength. The polar, a man six feet or more in height, was the

THE STEAMER ELK PASSING THE RANCH.

"When everything is frozen over, and the steamboat whistle is no longer heard, dwellers on the St. Joe are cut off from the rest of the world."

most skillful boatman for miles around, and he was also a great fisherman. On rainy days he would sit for hours, making fishing-flies for the market; and his collection of feathers for this work was wonderful to behold. The "Boy," a youth of seventeen, took us out rowing in the evenings, and insisted on running into snags—to tease the Botanist. It is no more than right to put the fact on record that he was successful in making things generally very lively and amusing for us.

Quite a number of Swiss families are scattered along the river banks. It is said that some of the heads of these households compel their children to pay them two hundred dollars or more before permitting them to go to work on their own account. Doubtless they are an interesting people, and doubtless, too, the children are schooled in Swiss family rules and regulations, but I couldn't help thinking that such rules and regulations would have a rough



THE POLAR COMING TO THE RESCUE.

"The wind would turn the boat the wrong way, and I could not bring it 'head on' again."



FIRST TRIP UP THE RAPIDS.

"Ah, but it was exciting! . . . The water curled and foamed around the canoe in rather spiteful fashion."



THE ST. JOE RAPIDS.

"A short distance from the ranch are the rapids, which are ascended in canoes pushed by poles with spikes in the end of them."

time of it in the average American family.

Finally the longed-for time came when we were to have a ride on the rapids. One day we all went aboard the poler's canoe, known as the finest in the country, bound for a strawberry ranch owned by an old Scotch trapper two miles up "swift-water." Ah, but it was exciting! Monsieur took the bow, the poler the stern, while Madam, the Botanist, and I occupied the middle of the boat, with the camera, of course. The water curled and foamed around the canoe in rather spiteful fashion as it was pushed up the rapids. Every little while we came to a riffle where it was unusually swift and rough; and then the poler pushed so hard that we could not help getting excited. Yet it was interesting. The water was so clear that we could see the large fish darting about below us. In some places it was so shallow that the canoe grazed the gravel, and in other places it was so deep that the pole could hardly reach the bottom. The only months during which

the rapids can be easily ascended are June and July. Before that the water is too deep, and, later, it is so shallow that one has to wade, and drag the canoe by main strength.

We arrived at the ranch, at last—tired, but full of eager anticipation. The trapper, with a skin as brown as leather and a beard so long that he wore it braided, made us welcome and led us to eat as many berries as we could, an invitation which we accepted without delay. His big garden of luscious strawberries, dotted all over with great stumps, is under excellent cultivation and is well worth going to see. Sweet and juicy is the fruit, and happy and contented is the man who plants the vines and nurses them into a wonderfully prolific maturity. This Scotchman, by the way, is very fond of flowers. He has made beds out of old tree-stumps, by hollowing out the centers thereof and filling them with earth. The front of his log-cabin is covered with wild clematis, and the song of a waterfall beside it



THE SCOTCHMAN'S WATERFALL.

"The front of his cabin is covered with wild clematis, and the song of a waterfall beside it is his music."

is his music. I am of the opinion that he is far happier than the great majority of those who dwell in costly city homes, and in narrower surroundings.

On our way home, in one half-hour the poler and Monsieur caught five bull-trout, the largest weighing six pounds, and the five weighing fourteen pounds. They fight gamely, these big fish, and we were not sorry when the battles were fought and the canoe settled down to its regular business once more. We—the women-folk, of course—were ready to go to Cuba at a moment's notice, but we certainly did not relish the prospect of an impromptu dip in those icy waters.

One day the poler, the Botanist, and I started for an eleven-mile trip up the rapids. Often we would see stranded logs that had floated down from some logging-camp and been caught on the shallows. Each camp has its own mark for the logs, and after the logs have drifted down the river they are stopped and sorted, by



A TRAPPER'S STRAWBERRY RANCH.

"His big garden of luscious strawberries, dotted all over with great stumps, is under excellent cultivation."



HAYING ON THE ST. JOE.

"The river flows through an exceptionally fertile valley, . . . the principal products of which are hay, lumber, and strawberries."

men from the respective camps, and made into booms and towed to Harrison or to Coeur d'Alene.

About seven o'clock in the evening we passed the town of Gordon. It consists of three log-cabins, and is probably the last post-office station on the river. Soon afterward we went ashore at Mrs. H.—'s, where the night was spent.

Our return the next morning was quite eventful. The poler fished, and I steered the craft. There were numberless breathless moments. The wind would turn the canoe the wrong way, and I could not bring it "head on" again; so the poler would have to stop fishing and come to the rescue, turning the boat right again with his paddle. Once the canoe dashed down a rifle, and I paddled with all my might to keep the stern from being hurled against the opposite bank. The fish came dropping into the canoe from the poler's line; the Botanist was busy taking them off, and I, the historian, was doing my best to avert a series of catastrophes. This hard work ceased after a while, however, and then the Botanist secured a number of fine views with her camera, while the one-time steersman took long breaths and looked with appreciative eyes upon the passing scenery. It was nearly five o'clock in the evening when we landed at the old ranch and were at home again.

Not long after this, our former trips having been made up the rapids, it was decided to change the programme and make a visit to Monsieur's gulch, which was beautiful with huge cedars, white and yellow pine, and a great variety of wild flowers. Neither must I forget to state that the gulch, and all the mountains around, were equally famous for their delicious huckleberries. The Boy with his gun, the Botanist with her camera-case full of lunch, and the rest of us started one morning up the State road, which begins at the gulch, winds round the mountain to the top, and then leads down to Wallace.

After walking two miles on this warm day we became thirsty, but no water was to be found. So we ate our dry lunch and continued on our way—still searching vainly for water. Many deer-and bear-tracks were seen, but nothing was encountered but a harmless snake. Soon the ruins of the first camp used by the men while building the road, were reached. Here the Boy explored the vicinity for water again, but was unsuccessful, as usual. Great as our thirst was, however, it was partially forgotten in our admiration of the grand scenery which greeted our vision on every side. We had walked about four miles, when we saw before us range after range of magnificent snow-capped mountains—the Bitter Root Range of the Rockies. Emotion was expressionless. We stood there as silent as sphinxes, gazing upon this wonderful revelation of creative greatness.

We had been told that it was possible to go down the mountainside to the gulch below, and then home. Never dreaming what lay before us, and knowing that the longed-for water flowed down yonder, we gave up the idea of climbing to the top of the mountain, and started directly down its steep side to the gulch, two thousand five hundred feet below. The brush was thick, the fallen trees numerous, and the thermometer about a hundred and one in the shade. We slid, we fell, we tumbled, and still the bottom of the gulch seemed as far away as ever, and the sound of unseen flowing water was tantalizing. But all things have an end—even the side of this big mountain, which finally ended in the gulch-stream. Water never tasted so good, and, faint from heat and thirst, we felt like remaining there forever.

A casting up of accounts showed that my legging heel-straps were broken, and that my

shoes were torn so badly that the twigs stuck into my feet, making every step painful; and there still remained a walk of five miles down the gulch and over logs and rocks.

The ravine was very beautiful. In it are two pretty waterfalls, one sixty feet, the other eighteen feet in height. At one place I started to cross the brook on a log. "You'll fall" called the Botanist; but I, not realizing that it was wet, answered, "Oh, no, I won't—"

Then there was a splash, and I found myself sitting on the log, with water up to my knees, and my poor hat sailing down the stream at a tremendous rate, the Boy chasing it in what seemed to me a very ridiculous and hilarious manner.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when we rested at home again, after having walked all day long. And even there, in what ought to have proven a haven of refuge, we were still subject to persecution; for Madam, with peals of laughter, pointed her finger at me and exclaimed:

"Well, look at that, will you!"

I knew that I presented a very untidy appearance, but I did not like to be referred to as a "that" or as an "it." My hat turned in all directions, my dress was torn, ragged and frayed, my hair hung in strings about my face, and the latter, streaked with perspiration stains and the red of the ribbon worn about my neck, made me resemble a squaw in her war-paint. My poor shoes were also in tatters, and when I hobbled to the porch, after a good supper and a bit of rest, it was with a stout stick for a support. Never before had I known what it was to be footsore; but I knew then, and I was full of that sort of knowledge for a week afterward.

Toward the latter part of July I bade goodbye to my friends of the ranch, and started on the return trip to my home. It was a pleasant, uneventful ride that I had on the Steamer Elk to St. Maries and to Coeur d'Alene, where I left the Botanist to continue her invasion of the St. Joe, my part in which will always be remembered with pleasure and gratitude.

A CAVE OF GOLD IN THE CASCADES.

The full fruition of the hopes of Christopher Columbus when he went seeking for the mythical mountain of Golden Ciblo among the hills of Cuba and Puerto Rico, in 1493, seems to have been realized by a party of Seattle men in this year of grace 1898, says the Walla Walla (Wash.) Statesman. A tall, lank Swede, named Anderson, has discovered a mountain cave which appears to be filled with golden treasure, and a party of Seattle men, sixty in number, are now scooping it up with shovels and sending the rich ore back to the smelter.

Bereft of all romance, the find is quite a wonder. On a mountainside in the Cascade Range, and not far from the Great Northern Railway track, has been found a natural cave seventy feet deep and having an arched, overhanging wall forty feet from the floor of the cavern. Back in the innermost portion of this cave is a decomposed ledge of rich gold ore, twenty-three feet wide. It is so rotten that it can be crumbled in a mortar, and the gold washed out. Seventy assays have already been made, and the poorest showing, so far, is \$48 to the ton—other assays running up to \$200.

The cave is one of the natural wonders of the Cascades; and, what is somewhat strange, is the fact that it is as dry as a powder-house, without any calcine or stalactite formations which are so often characteristic of deep caverns. The mouth of the cavern is about a mile up the mountainside from the base, the angle of the mountain being nearly forty-five degrees. A wooden tram has already been built down the

mountainside, and a roadway has been built out to the railroad. Twenty-five horses will transport the ore to the railroad.

This remarkable find is the more remarkable because it is a reality and not an overwrought fiction.

The men in possession of the cavern are naturally much elated, and are saying very little. They confidently expect their first ton of ore to yield them \$300.

THE BROWN BEARS OF ALASKA.

"The brown bear is the great road-maker of the Alaska peninsula," says Hugh Mayo, a guide of many years' experience in that region.

"Not only are the banks of the streams trodden into good trails by the huge, lumbering brutes, but the swampy plains are crossed in every direction by paths leading to the hills. The traveler will do well to follow them in journeying across the country, as they invariably lead to the best fording-places of streams, and form the easiest routes to the hills.

"The northern side of the Kenai peninsula, bordering the shores of Cook Inlet, Kadiak Island, and the Alaskan peninsula as far west as Unia Island, are favorite stamping-grounds of the Alaska brown bear.

"He is a huge, shaggy animal, varying in length from six to twelve feet, and weighing 800 to 1,100 pounds. This bear possesses all the courage and fierceness of his southern cousin, the grizzly, and he has been hunted so little as yet that he is absolutely fearless of man and is an exceedingly dangerous adversary.

"One of the best places in Alaska to find the brown bear is in the vicinity of Portage Bay, ten or twelve miles across Unga Strait from Sand Point. One summer while I was at Sand Point, two hunters came in after an absence of a month in the vicinity of Portage Bay, and reported having killed thirty-three bears. One day they killed seven.

"In dealing with the Alaska brown bear, a hunter should never go alone. A companion is almost as essential as a gun. If possible, a man well acquainted with the peculiar habits of this animal should be engaged to act as guide. Good bear-dogs are of great assistance, but they must be brought into the country by the hunter, as there are few dogs there. There are no trees as far west as Province Bay, and the hunter must be exceedingly careful how he enters the heavy thickets which cover the river bottoms, as the bears favor this kind of ground, and if aroused or wounded will unhesitatingly attack."

A BIT OF MONTANA HISTORY.

An old-timer has been telling the Helena (Mont.) Independent how the name of that city happened to be pronounced with the accent on the first syllable.

"We at first pronounced the name of the town after the fashion of the people down in Helena, Arkansas, in those days. I don't remember how the name was selected, but the accent on the second syllable seemed to take better because it rhymed with galena and some other words of the same fashion.

"A curious incident is connected with the changing of the pronunciation. There was a fellow here, who ran a hack about town, who had painted in big letters on the side of it the name 'Hellena.' It was only a misspelled word, but it was naturally pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, and that gradually, during the year and a half that the hack ran around the camp, became a habit with men who had learned to pronounce the word differently in school. It has been pronounced with the accent on the first syllable ever since."

A ROMANCE OF THE SEASONS.

By J. B. Rice.

We had argued that night, before going to bed,
On which season is nicest; and arguments led
To many opinions. Against all the rest,
I stoutly contended that Autumn is best.

I had crawled into bed, and had blown out the light,
Fully conscious without 'twas a terrible night.
The sharp, fitful dashes of cold, winter sleet,
Now louder, now softer, my window-pane beat,
And the wild winter wind, rushing down from the
north,
Shook the house in its teeth as it surged back and
forth.

Well, I lay in the dark there and harked to the song
That old Boreas sung as he hurried along,
When all of a sudden there came through my door
A bluff, hearty figure that walked 'cross the floor
And never stopped once till he stood by my bed:
"I'm 'King Winter!' I want you," was all that he said.

Of course I was puzzled, but not scared a bit.
Thinks I to myself, "strange that lamp should be lit;
I'm sure it was out but a moment ago!"
So, this is the king of the frost and the snow?"
No thought of resisting this king came to me—
As a matter of fact, I was meek as could be.

Perhaps you would know how King Winter appeared?
He was short, and quite stout, with a full, snow-white
beard.
Without question, his visage was much weather-beat;
He was clothed in white fur from his head to his feet;
His whole personnel had a flavor of fun.
And, take him all over, my heart he quite won.

"I want you," he said; so I willingly rose,
And as quick as I could donned my warm, winter
clothes.
At last I was ready. Addressing the king,
I said: "If you please, will you tell me one thing?
I'd know where I'm going this winter night dreary.
You're a stranger to me; so you'll pardon the query."

"My friend," quoth the king, "in a land far from here,
A land where the night extends half through the year,
I reside with my wife, and my two daughters fair.
We seldom have company; it's lonesome up there;
So I thought in my mind that you wouldn't say nay
To make us a visit for one little day."

"Say no more, sir," I cried. "I am filled with delight
That you'd honor me so; you are very polite.
And now, if you're ready, we'd better set out.
To be going you're anxious, I haven't a doubt."
And, thinking King Winter a gentleman quite,
We passed down the stairs and out into the night.

Sure the king must be rich, for he traveled in style;
The eclat of his equipage caused me to smile.
There were six snow-white steeds, and a beautiful
sleigh;
Bright harness, and fur robes—a gorgeous array;
And as we set out to the musical chime
Of the jingling bells, I thought, "This is sublime!"

The storm had cleared up, and the stars twinkled
bright,
The cold was intense, and the ground, of course, white.
We sped like a clipper-ship under full sail,
Through village and city, o'er forest and vale,
Till at last there loomed icebergs—most piercingly
cold,
And the great Arctic Circle before us unrolled.

And then we arrived at the house of the king—
A palace of ice 'twas, a beautiful thing,
All covered with turrets and battlements white.
That sparkled and shone in the cold winter night;
And a huge polar bear ('twas a servant, I'd say)
Took charge of the six snow-white steeds and the
sleigh.

We entered the palace, and through a long hall,
Then into a room that was cozy and small.
On the hearth, burning bright, was an open wood fire;
All around there was much for a man to admire—
Fine tapestries, pictures that hung on the wall;
A charming abode it appeared, all in all.

Three ladies I saw, seated in there alone,
And with inborn politeness my host made us known:
"This lady's my wife; you have heard poets sing
In her praise. She is known as 'Beautiful Spring.'"
And I made my best bow as I said, with a smile,
That I'd sought introduction for quite a long while.

"And this is my daughter, 'Fair Summer.'" I bowed—
With a "How-do-you-do?" and "To know you I'm
proud."

"And this one is 'Autumn.'" I bowed once again,
But no commonplace words could I utter, just then.
When I looked in those eyes, fastened on me so bright,
I felt in my heart that 'twas love at first sight!

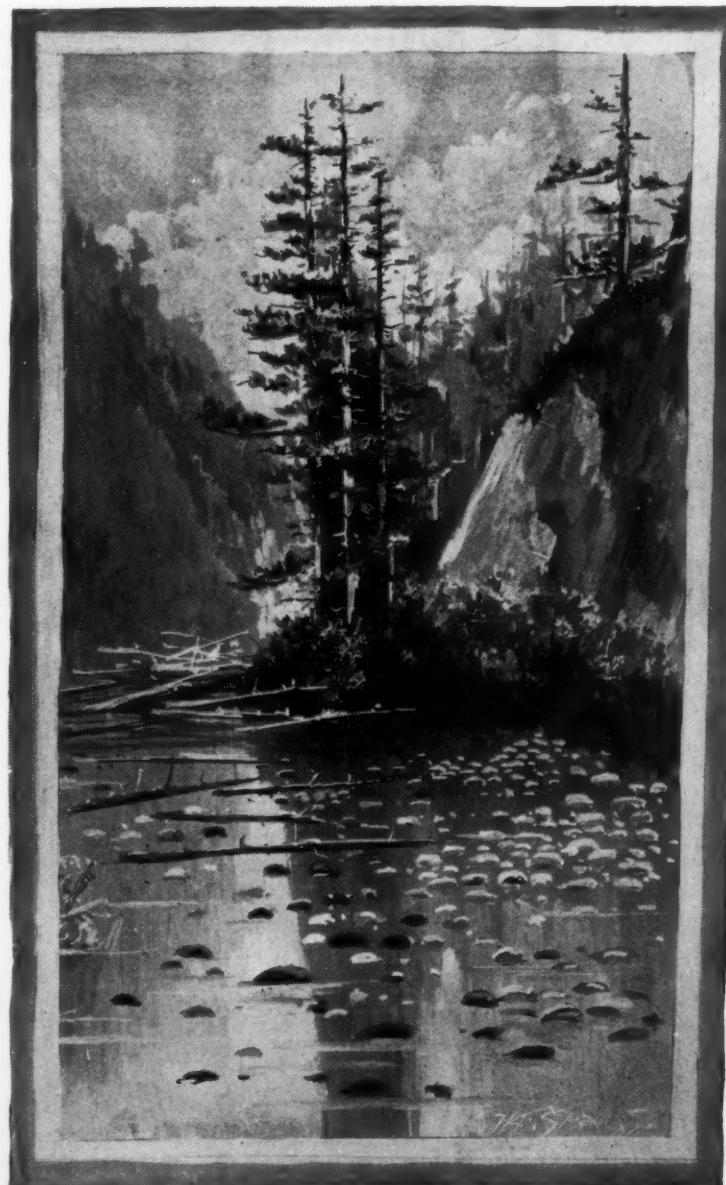
As we chatted and talked, I came near being rude—
I referred to the weather (a subject tabooed).
But at last from the king a slight snore, rather hoarse,
Announced that he slept. I forgave him, of course.
Then Summer arose, with apologies kind;
She had letters to write, and she hoped I'd not mind.

Then Beautiful Spring begged my leave to retire;
And Autumn and I sat alone by the fire!
Was she handsome? I thought so, a charming brunolette;
And her eyes they were hazel, and hair black as jet.
And I made up my mind that, before I'd depart,
I'd endeavor to capture her dear little heart!

A number of subjects were talked of that night—
In music and poetry she took keen delight.
Then her fortune I told; I pretended to see
The man who would win her (he looked some like me).
That my comp'ny was pleasing, I noticed with joy;
And no incident happened to vex or annoy.

By and by—could I help it? I loved her so well
I put it in words, and I strove hard to tell
How much I adored her; and in her bright eyes
I thought I detected delighted surprise.
As I drew her toward me she never once spoke;
But before I could kiss her—by Jove, I awoke!

And never comes Autumn, that bountiful time,
But I think of a kiss that should once have been mine.



"A land where the night extends half through the year."



A Big Flax Crop.

The output of flaxseed in North Dakota this year promises to surpass the largest estimate so far made. To say now that North Dakota has 450,000 acres of flax and that it will yield ten bushel to the acre is quite within conservative lines.

In July of this year the *Commercial Record* of Duluth, Minn., estimated that North Dakota's flax acreage had been increased to 300,000 acres, as compared with 240,000 acres last year, and suggested that last year's average of about ten bushels was liable to be increased.

In August the Minneapolis *Journal* estimated an increase in acreage of seventy per cent, which would bring the total up to 408,000 acres.

Later returns from a great many counties, however, indicate a still greater percentage of increase than the above estimate. Six hundred and twenty acres in one farm in Cass County threshed out sixteen and one-half bushels of cleaned seed; 110 acres in small lots in Cass County averaged fifteen bushels, and field after field in Trall County has gone fifteen bushels and better.

Three Northwestern States.

The *Grocers' Monthly Review*, a class journal published in an Eastern State, says that the wealth of three Northwestern States, North and South Dakota, and Minnesota, is more than the average reader has any idea of. "It is estimated that they will this year have surplus farm products for sale that will bring them not less than \$148,000,000. Besides these things, there are lumber, iron ore, and other products to sell, that will make a total for the three States, with a combined population of 2,200,000, of not less than \$180,000,000. In detail these products are shown in the following table:

Wheat, 150,000,000 bushels, at 50¢ on the farm.	\$75,000,000
Corn, 75,000,000 bushels, at 20¢.	15,000,000
Oats, 90,000,000 bushels, at 12¢.	10,800,000
Flax, 10,000,000 bushels, at 80¢.	8,000,000
Barley, hay, potatoes.	20,000,000
Live stock.	15,000,000
Lumber, 1,000,000,000 feet, at \$12 a thousand.	12,000,000
Butter, at 20¢.	5,000,000
Iron ore, at \$2 at Minnesota lake ports.	12,000,000
Gold, South Dakota.	7,000,000
Total.	\$180,000,000

"This makes a per capita production of about \$82. Already the turning of this farm produce into money has begun. The farmer gets spot cash on delivery of his grain at his nearest roadside elevator, instead of waiting, as in times past, for returns under the consignment method."

He Rented Chickens and Pigs.

A Davenport, Wash., correspondent writes us that A. D. Strout, who lives on his fine farm four miles south of that place, has just rented his farm and is preparing to make an extended visit among his people in the East, taking his family with him. While waiting for the distribution of the mail in the Davenport post-office, the other day, he amused a few of his friends who stood around by giving them bits of his experiences in the Western country. Among other things he said:

"My wife and I came to Lincoln County,

Washington, in 1879 and took up a homestead south of this town. We were as poor as Job's turkey, and for a while had all we could do to make ends meet. In trying to accomplish this, my wife got a hen from a distant neighbor on shares. As the hen hatched out an even number of chickens, my wife anticipated no trouble in dividing with the kind neighbor; but one day one of the chicks fell into a post-hole I had dug, and died—a disaster which gave great trouble to my wife, as she could not imagine how the division could be made. The matter was arranged, however, and we got a start in chickens.

"In order to get some pigs, I resorted to the same method—rented a sow, and soon had all the hogs I wanted.

"We worked hard and lived economically, and today we own a fine farm of 700 acres, well improved, and worth at least \$20 per acre. My check is good at the bank for \$2,500, and I have lots of farm machinery, horses, and cattle. I tell you this country beats everything. I am going to sing its praises among my old-time friends, and don't you forget it!"

Minnesota's Immense School Fund.

In the following figures State Auditor Dunn shows Minnesota's educational equipment, in a financial way, as compared with a number of other States in the Union. He says that the State has today "a permanent school fund of \$12,230,327.20, and a permanent university fund of \$1,319,157.34, yet two-thirds of the lands remain to be disposed of. The State has sold, in round numbers, 1,500,000 acres of school-lands.

"The State of Michigan received 1,067,397 acres from the United States for school purposes. It has practically all been sold, and the sum realized from the sales amounts to \$4,644,527. Iowa received 1,514,331 acres, of which 1,511,217 acres have been sold, and \$4,724,030 realized from the sales. The above two States received only section sixteen in each township. Oregon and Kansas received sections sixteen and thirty-six in each township, the same as Minnesota. The grant in the former State amounts to 3,329,706 acres, nearly all sold, and only \$2,400,000 realized. Missouri and Arkansas have virtually no permanent school fund at all, and even Texas, with the millions of acres of school-lands, cannot begin to approach the State of Minnesota."

This is one of the many reasons why the North Star State is as vigorous and as influential intellectually as it is prosperous in commercial, agricultural, and all other material ways. In every organized township is a well-equipped schoolhouse. Intelligence is the rule, not the exception. When people move to Minnesota, they are moving several degrees nearer the best civilization in the country.

Oregon's Agricultural Wealth.

Upon a conservative estimate, says the Portland *Oregon Agriculturist and Rural Northwest*, we believe the wheat crop of Oregon this year is worth ten million dollars. We have raised about six million bushels of oats worth two million dollars. Our barley, rye, and corn together amount to over two million bushels worth one million dollars. We will have between three million and four million bushels of potatoes worth \$800,000. Our hop crop is worth at least \$800,000. We make at least 850,000 tons of hay, worth about five million dollars. The number of cattle which we sell yearly is not easily estimated. The number of cattle, other than milk cows, in Oregon on Jan. 1, 1898, was estimated by the U. S. Department of Agriculture at 667,000. We think it is fair to assume that 225,000 of these have been or will be marketed this year, and that the price realized will

aggregate \$6,000,000. The sales of sheep and lambs will aggregate about 900,000, amounting in value to about \$2,000,000. The wool-clip of the State is about 20,000,000 pounds, worth about \$2,400,000. The value of swine marketed for the year will be half a million dollars. The dairy products of the State for the year amount to over \$2,000,000, and the poultry products to over one million dollars. The value of the fruit crop of the State is about a million and a half dollars. Our onion crop is of considerable financial importance. The aggregate value of the garden vegetables grown to supply Portland and other cities amounts to a considerable sum. Then we have a number of other agricultural products, among which are horses, mohair, honey, flax for seed and fiber, onion and other seeds, teasels, beans, peas and lentils, and sugar-beets.

In all, we may safely place the value of Oregon's agricultural products for 1898 at \$35,000,000. Of this amount probably \$10,000,000 is consumed on the farm, leaving \$25,000,000 worth for market.

Puget Sound Enterprise.

The following interesting statements on bulb culture and the Pacific Coast fisheries are made by Moses Folsom, general emigration agent of the Great Northern Railway Company, who recently returned from an extended visit to the Puget Sound Country.

At Fairhaven, Wash., he says, we had an opportunity to see and hear much about the adaptability of that locality to the raising of bulbs. A party of Holland bulb-growers who visited there not long ago, agreed in the statement that the soil and the climatic conditions equaled their own country for that industry. A group of 150 or more islands, known as San Juan, lie off Whatcom County, and on one of these—Orcas—the bulb business has already become well established. Bulbs from Orcas Island are in bloom at the Omaha Exposition, single bulbs showing as high as ten to twelve spikes of flowers. Professor Shaw, of the Minnesota Experiment Station, saw one with seventeen spikes of flowers. Nothing from Holland ever made such a showing.

Three new bulb farms have just been established near Fairhaven on the mainland. As we import from \$7,000,000 to \$8,000,000 worth of bulbs every year, the importance of the industry can be understood.

At Seattle we saw 800 boxes of Japan lily bulbs piled up in a warehouse, just having been unloaded from a Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamship for shipment East.

While at Fairhaven we had an opportunity to see something of the growth of the fishing industry on Puget Sound. That splendid body of water seems fairly alive with finny inhabitants. The steelhead salmon were running while we were there, and while out sailing we could see dozens of them in the air at once, often jumping out of the water within a few feet of our boat. By trolling we caught nine of them, and I want to say that a ten or twelve-pound fish at the end of your line is lively game. Fishing for bass in a Minnesota lake is like catching minnows in comparison. One ardent Eastern man used a small rod, reel and line, and was usually a half-hour in landing his fish. He said it beat anything in the way of fishing he had ever experienced. We were fortunate enough to see a net being hauled up in a trap with three hundred or more salmon in it.

We visited several of the canneries at Fairhaven, and watched the fish, fresh from the boat, go through numerous manipulations, right into the can with the label on it. One establishment engaged in drying fish, shipped two carloads recently to Denmark. This seems

like shipping coals to Newcastle. One cannery puts up its products in porcelain jars, and ships to England. The Fairhaven canning industry has grown from fifty hands in the last two years to nearly 1,000. There seems almost no reasonable limit to the future of the fish business of Puget Sound, as there are dozens of varieties of edible fishes, including salmon, halibut, herring, cod, smelt, etc. A single net has taken as high as ten barrels of smelts at one haul in the Bay of Fairhaven.

The Sheep Industry in Montana.

With wool at sixteen and seventeen cents and sheep at almost the top notch, there is no place like home to Montana wool-growers. No industry in the State is at present on a better footing, and the outlook to woolmen is particularly good. A group of State officials were discussing the resources of the State on a recent afternoon during an idle minute at the courthouse, and, somehow, the conversation drifted to sheep-ranches.

"This conversation reminds me," remarked State Land Agent Henry Neill, "that I discovered the promised land a few days ago while examining State lands in Meagher County. Now, some of you may think I'm joking, but I'm not. If the Smith brothers' sheep-ranch on the Musselshell isn't the promised land,—a land where milk and honey, or cream and honey, abound,—then I never hope to see it. It is a Canaan, and no mistake. That ranch is an ideal sheep-ranch if there ever was one. Under the management of J. A. McNaught, that ranch produced \$78,352 worth of wool and sheep this year, while the net proceeds will be something like \$46,350, including the value of the lambs, which must be considered in a calculation of this sort.

"The Smith brothers' place is one of the oldest sheep-ranches in the State. John and William Smith located in 1872, about six miles south of where Martinsdale is now. They began business with 900 sheep, which they drove in from Idaho. Since then they have added to their flocks and their territory yearly until they now have about 48,000 sheep and control 33,000 acres of fine grazing-lands as are in Montana. William Smith died a little more than one year ago, but John Smith still lives at his old home on the ranch.

"The ranch is located on the headwaters of the Musselshell River, which is the principal stream on the place. Cottonwood and Little Elk creeks, which flow through the ranch, are, however, good-sized creeks, and the water is finer, I will venture to say, than any Moses ever got out of the rock. There is a heavy fall to these streams, so that large areas of bench lands may be irrigated and put to hay or grain whenever it is thought desirable. The ranch cuts 2,000 tons of hay every season, and 10,000 tons can be raised on it. It includes 11,000 acres of patented lands, 8,000 acres leased from the State, and 14,000 acres of Northern Pacific Railway lands. The latter lands are under the control of the firm, and partly paid for. Seventy miles of fence encloses the property. The land lies in a solid tract, and makes one of the finest winter ranges that could be selected in this or in any other country. The grass is luxuriant, being unusually heavy this year. There are adjacent

ranges on which the sheep are grazed in the summer, the ranch being used only for winter range.

"Manager McNaught's clip this season amounted to 280,000 pounds of first-class wool. It has not been sold yet, but is certain to be at least sixteen and one-half cents, and bring at that figure the clip for this season is worth \$46,200. The wool, by the way, is hauled to Big Timber, which is in easy distance, and either marketed there—if not sold on the ranch—or consigned. The lamb crop of the ranch this season amounted to 14,290 lambs, worth \$32,152, making a total production of \$78,352 for the ranch in wool and sheep in one season. I was informed that \$32,000 was a liberal estimate for the total expense of maintaining the ranch for the year, so that the net profit for one season, you will see, was enormous.

"That's what a good sheep-ranch in Montana, under careful, business-like management, will do. Moreover, the people on that ranch do not devote all their energy to making money. They don't sacrifice comfort because they are on a sheep-ranch. They have a fine house, and it is fitted up comfortably, even luxuriously. A tenderfoot would be surprised to see a piano on a sheep-ranch, but he would find one there, as well as other musical instruments; and they are not there merely as ornaments, either. And, say, it would do you good to live a few days or more at that ranch. They don't go out every morning and pick up a few bushels of manna, as the Israelites did. They have by far a better bill of fare. I've been on a number of cow-ranches in Montana where the people used condensed-milk and bought their butter and eggs from a grocery, but it is different on this ideal place I am speaking of. They have cream there by the barrel, and the only thing they lack on the place is a brewery. When I think of that place, it makes me sad to think that all of us are not wool-growers this year."—*Helena (Mont.) Independent.*

Washington Sheep.

According to a recent review by the *Trade Register* of Seattle, Wash., the total number of sheep in that State is placed at 503,324, valued by the respective county boards of equalization at \$878,403—which, of course is ridiculously low, since sheep have for some time past been worth three to four dollars a head. It is likewise estimated that the wool clip from the above sheep aggregated 3,170,941 pounds. At the eight cents a pound quoted by the *Trade Register*—the price paid for low-grade dirty wool, the clip would be worth about \$253,000.

There is no reason why Washington should not have millions of sheep instead of a few hundred thousand. It has an ideal climate for them, and it has room and forage. The example of Oregon and Montana should be followed, where the wool clips for 1898 reach a combined total of about 38,000,000 pounds, and where no eight-cent wool is sold. Clean wool during the past season has been worth all the way from ten cents to seventeen cents a pound. The sheep industry never was in better condition than it is now, and Washington is one of the States in which it can be carried on most profitably.

As a matter of fact, Washington farmers need to get the notion out of their heads that their lands and climate are good only for wheat and fruit. They need some powerful influence to lead them more deeply into live-stock culture—into the raising of sheep, hogs, cattle, and blooded horses. No great capital is required for this, but a beginning is absolutely necessary. If the farmers of Washington will invest a few more dollars in a few more head of live stock, and nurse the natural increase as carefully as they do wheat and fruit acreage, half a decade hence will see them shipping far more value East in beef, mutton, pork, and wool than they can hope to ship of any other products except grains.



MAIN STREET, IN HELENA, MONT.

Helena, the capital of Montana, is a city of many elegant business blocks and costly homes, and the center of great wealth. A noted traveler recently pronounced it "one of the most interesting cities in the United States."

THE NEGLECTED CROP.

By Lucy Wilder-Morris.

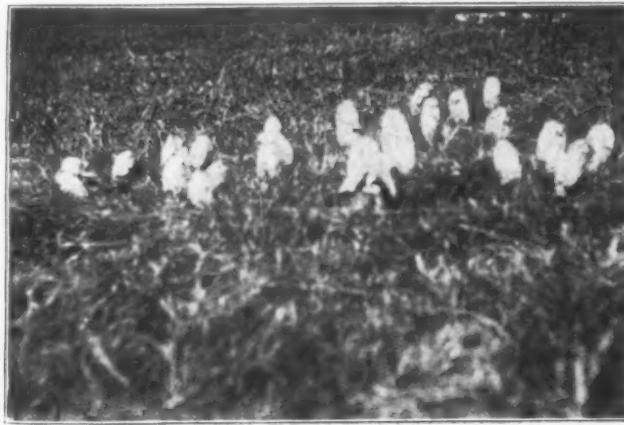
"It doesn't look much as if I should go back to school, Sis. Father says it won't pay to even dig the potatoes, at the price this fall, and he is going to give them away to anyone who wants them. He's lived here twenty years, and they were never less than thirty cents before, and last year they brought a dollar. Now, just when I want to finish school, and he needs the money most, they are only ten cents a

The ground was soggy from a recent rain. The first frost of the season had blackened the tips of the tomato vines in the kitchen garden, through which they passed.

"It's just the weather for them!" said Bess, brightly. "I am sure the lot will be full."

"Full of what? Sheep?"

Laughing merrily, she replied, "Well, hardly! There's over six acres in the old pasture, and



SHAGGY-MANE MUSHROOMS.

"They grow all along the sidewalks, and under the scrub-willows. . . . They can also be found in old pastures, . . . and look like a small beehive."

bushel; after all the work we've put on them, too. It does seem too bad!"

The boy's face quivered, and tears seemed very near the surface.

His sister dropped the hand which she had been softly stroking, threw her arms around his neck, and laid her cheek tenderly against his.

"It is too bad, John, after your hard work all summer. I'm so very sorry about it," she said. "Have you asked Mr. Snyder if you could help him in the store?"

"Yes; I asked him over a month ago, and he said that if he needed anyone he would take me, as he was perfectly satisfied when I worked for him before; but times are so hard that people are not buying much, so he can do all the work himself. I might get something to do in town, but, until father's hip is stronger I must stay where I can help nights and mornings. If those potatoes had only brought any decent price, father could have hired a man and I could have had the money to go to school. It seems as if I had thought of everything, but I can't see any way to accomplish my aims."

Bess sat for some time, her soft chin in her hand, her eyes fixed on the distant point where the purple hills formed the horizon. She heard the chattering of a small red squirrel, and the soft thud of pieces of bark which John was idly pulling from the old log on which he sat and throwing at the scolding rodent, which was on the trunk of a gorgeous maple near. All at once she sprang to her feet, grasped her brother's hand in both of hers, and cried:

"Come with me! Come quickly; I think I've thought of a way."

John arose and followed her past the barn, down the path that led to the sheep-pasture.

said, looking around with a puzzled expression.

"Just so," Bess replied. "In spite of all your schooling, you don't know everything, do you, you dear old boy? Professor Bird, who was here from the State Experimental Farm last fall, told me all about these. They are the horse-mushroom, one of the commonest varieties, and very valuable for food, as all mushrooms are. He calls them 'vegetable meat,' and says they are the farmers' neglected crop, and one of the most nourishing foods. Last week I saw an advertisement in the paper, from that new canning-factory in the city, offering a dollar a bushel for the horse-mushroom, and a dollar and a half for the shaggy-mané and plum varieties. The shaggy-mané grow all along the sidewalks, and under the scrub-willows near the village. They can also be found in many of the old pastures, too. We'll have to get up early to get them, for the boys knock their heads off with their shinny-clubs on their way to school.

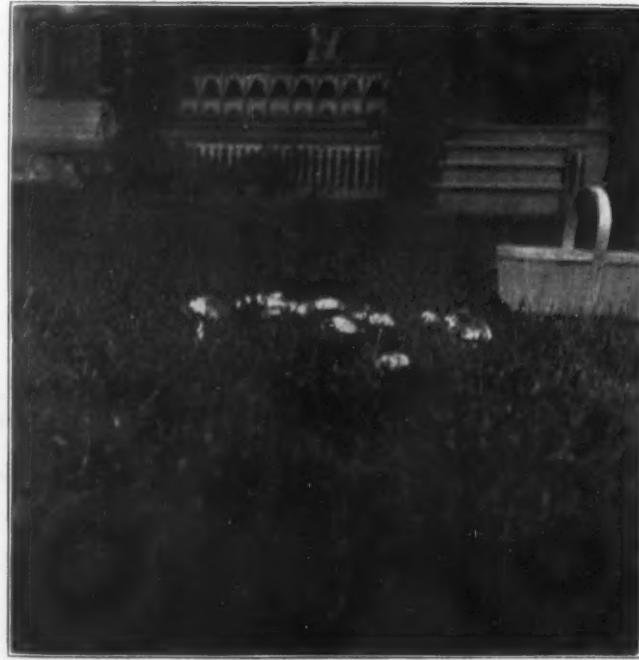
"Professor Bird said we would have no trouble in telling the horse-mushroom. You see, it is smooth on top, and the flesh is whitish, or yellowish, in color. Underneath it is a faint pink in the young ones, but as they grow older it turns to a dark brown. There is a ring around the stem, that is easily brushed off. He said I must look carefully at these marks, for there is a very poisonous toadstool which resembles it somewhat. This toadstool has a warty top, generally reddish in color, and the ring around the stem has to be broken off instead of being brushed off easily. It grows from a cup at the base of the stem, and is found in the woods; while the horse-mushroom grows in old pastures, plowed fields, etc. I'll tell you about the shaggy-mané when we go to pick them.

"Now go back to the house and ask father if we may have the potato-wagon today. We'll see what one day's work will do. I'm the general of this campaign, you see."

John soon came driving back, standing erect in the large farm-wagon.

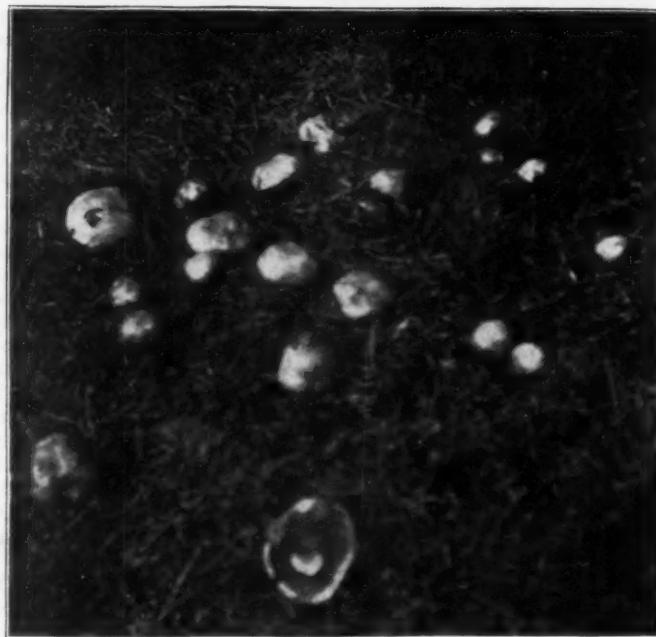
"There's room enough for thirty bushels in the wagon, if there are that many," he said. "I brought two bushel-baskets to pick in, so that we can tell just how many we have."

"We must work with a will, in the short



HORSE MUSHROOMS.

"One of the commonest varieties, and very valuable for food, as all mushrooms are. They abound in old pastures, and are easily distinguished from other kinds."



MEADOW, OR HORSE MUSHROOMS—LOOKING DOWN UPON.

"They are always thickest in damp weather, after a slight frost. . . . They make catsup of the stems."

time we have," said Bess. "It's the first of September now; so we will not have two months to work in. They are always thickest in damp weather after a slight frost."

They went to work with a will, and very soon two bushels clattered onto the wagon-bottom.

John seized his sister about the waist and executed a war-dance, shouting, "Hurrah for the red, white and blue, and sister Bess," as they circled round and round in the spot which they had just swept clean of its crop. His face was bright and hopeful as he playfully said, "I can see myself spouting the valedictory, while my sweet sister, in a white dress and hat, with pink roses, sits spellbound at my eloquence. Pink always was becoming to you, honey!"

Bessie's pink cheeks, curling brown hair and pretty eyes did not belie this, neither did her laughing mouth deny the accusation.

"Three cheers for mushrooms!" she cried, as she fell on her knees and began picking again. "Put in all the stems, too. They make catsup of those."

"I can't understand how you learned so much in so short a time," John expostulated.

"Oh, I was interested, you know, and wanted to learn; so it was easy."

By noon they had picked eleven bushels, and decided that that would do for a beginning.

* * *

"You must be mistaken in the price," their father said, when they told him what they had been doing. "All the old pastures around here are covered with them. If they were worth so much they would surely not be permitted to go to waste. They are a cleaner and easier crop than potatoes. I wish I were not lame, so that I might help you myself."

"You wash the dishes, father, and I'll help the children," said Mrs. Bright, as soon as her husband had recovered somewhat from the embraces with which the workers had overwhelmed him when they saw his despondent expression.

They all worked steadily, and by five o'clock John had driven hopefully to the city with twenty-five bushels of mushrooms.

Somewhat later in the evening, needless to

say, the family stood at the gate looking anxiously down the road.

"I trust the venture will be a success," said Mrs. Bright. "There never was a better boy to work, or a closer student than our John, and his heart is so set on graduating."

"If times had not been so hard, some way would have been opened, even with my illness; but it seemed an impossibility this fall," Mr. Bright remarked in reply.

"There comes John now! I can hardly wait until he gets here," said Bess.

Above the clatter of the wagon they soon heard a faint hurrah, and then they saw his hat swing round and round his head.

"Hurrah for mushrooms! I have twenty-five dollars," he shouted.

The next morning, at daylight, they were filling their baskets with the white-fleshed shaggy-manes along the walks. Some of them were seven inches in circumference, but always furled like partly closed umbrellas.

"Pictures of these always show a long stem," Bess observed, wisely, "but I find them oftener with the lower edge of the top against the ground, and no stem showing. They look like a small beehive. The top of the young is light brown, but as they grow older this top splits, making them checked brown and white. The outer skin is shaggy, and brushes or peels readily. They sometimes grow in large clusters, but more frequently spring up singly. When old, the fleshy part drips away in an inky fluid, thus planting the spores, or seeds. We must put a partition in the wagon to separate these from the others, as we cannot get enough of these to fill it."

John listened admiringly. "You are the wisest little girl!" he declared.

"You wouldn't call a parrot wise because he repeated what he heard or mimicked any one, would you?" she asked, archly. "But picking mushrooms is not all fun, is it, John? If I came to a log a mile long, I'd walk around it instead of stepping over it; I'm so lame I just couldn't step over!"

"It's no worse than picking up potatoes, and they have to be dug first, too," John retorted.

The old pasture yielded over three hundred



GATHERING THE SHAGGY-MANE AND HORSE MUSHROOMS.

"The next morning, at daylight, they were filling their baskets with the white-fleshed shaggy-manes. Some of them were seven inches in circumference."

dollars' worth that fall; while the shaggy-mane along the sidewalks, back of the barn, and under the scrub-willows, produced a harvest worth seventy-one dollars.

When John, with a pink rose in his button-hole, "spouted" the valedictory, his sister, in the aforementioned white dress and pink rose-wreathed hat, sat on the front seat, as he had promised. As she threw her arms around him impetuously after the exercises, she whispered:

"Instead of roses, we ought to have worn mushrooms, oughtn't we?"

THE PLACER MINES.

When the white men start to move,
And the Chinamen come in,
You can bet on it the diggings
Are a-getting rather thin;
And the very best procedure
In this trying situation
Is to vamose like the others
And to try a new location.

Oh, the old, deserted cabins,
With their roofs all caving in,
And the old, disused utensils
That are scattered thick and thin—
In the midst of the upheavals
And the prevalence of ochre,
And the lonesome pasteboard relics
That are redolent of poker!

Not all fun and not all rollick
Is the portion of the miner,
Though he spends in single frolic
What would launch an ocean-liner.
See the zigzag, airy fluming
Clinging to the precipices,—
Where d'ye find in any blooming
City enterprise as this is?

Oh, I mourn not '49,
Nor the days of '62,
Though the glory may decline
Of a rich and famous few;
For this rough old world is wide,
And our days are not so late
That we can't take sleds and slide
To the fields of '98!

For the old, free life, is gone,
And the gulches look decay
Since the Chinamen came in
And the miners went away;
They have joined the new stampede
To the land of Lord knows where,
And they'll do the same thing over
Till they strip the planet bare.

Pt. Smith, Ark. L. A. OSBORNE.



Idaho's Lady Mayor.

The new mayor of Kendricks, Idaho, is a woman—single, young, and pretty. Her name is Jessie Parker. It is predicted that there will be peace, order and good-will in Kendricks until the mayor decides to take a consort.

Carelessness With Gold.

Miss Flora Shaw, writing from Dawson City to the London *Times*, says of the gold business:

"The carelessness with which the gold is handled in the mines is equal to the recklessness with which it is spent in the town. It is too heavy to move easily. No man relishes the task of carrying his own gold, and in the log-cabins in which the mine owners live it awaits its chance among boots and cooking utensils and provisions to be carried by the first pack-train passing down to Dawson."

"Any receptacle is good enough to hold gold. Disused tobacco canisters and apricot tins stand full of nuggets upon the shelves. Sacks of gold-dust are flung upon the floor.

"One little pack-train of three mules brought down a few days ago £24,000 worth of gold in common sacks, over which the mule-driver, acting on his own initiative, fastened a bit of sail-cloth, lest a mule, falling on a rock or a branch and accidentally ripping open the sack, should chance to spill the gold-dust. The whole lot was thrown with other goods into the packer's office and remained there till the following morning.

"On another recent occasion £8,000 worth was sent down on one horse. The packer in charge did not know who had given it to him, and there was no sign of ownership attached. It was duly claimed next morning, and identified by the fact that there was a small sack of nuggets inside the larger sack of dust. The bags are never sealed; they are merely tied at the mouth with a leathern thong or a bit of twine."

What is Seen in a Cemetery.

Take a walk through a cemetery alone and you will pass the last resting-place of the man who blew in the muzzle of a gun to see if it was loaded. A little farther down the slope is buried the crank who tried to show how close he could pass in front of a moving train. In strolling about you see the modest monument of the hired girl who started the fire with kerosene, and the grass-covered knoll that covers what is left of the little boy who put a comb under a mule's tail.

The tall shaft over the man who blew out the gas casts a shadow across the boy who tried to jump on a moving train. Side by side, the ethereal creature who always had her corset laced to the last hole, and the intelligent idiot who rode a bicycle in ten minutes, sleep on undisturbed.

In sweet repose is a doctor who took his own medicine. There, with a top of an old shoe-box driven over his head, lies the rich old man who married a young wife. Away over there by a side gate reposes a boy who fished on Sunday, and the woman who kept strychnine side by side with the baking-powder in the cupboard.

The man who stood in front of the mowing-machine to oil the cycle is quiet now, and he

rests by the side of the careless brakeman who fed himself into a seventy-ton engine. Over in the corner of the fence in the potter's-field may be seen the bleaching bones of the many men who, during life, thought they were just a little better than anybody else on earth.—*Castle (Mont.) Whole Truth.*

A Lucky Silver Dollar.

A prominent attorney went home last night all smiles, lovingly carrying a silver dollar in his hand. It was not because silver dollars were particularly scarce with him that he handled that dollar so tenderly. Although a strong 16 to 1 man, he would have loved a gold dollar, with the same historic associations, just as well. The lawyer had just made \$1,000 with that dollar.

This is the story: He had been commissioned to buy a piece of property, the owner of which wanted \$10,000 as compensation. That was rather high, particularly as the commission to be paid the attorney was to depend upon his securing it under a certain figure. The cheaper he could make his purchase the larger would be his commission.

He offered \$7,000. The owner of the property finally came down to \$9,000 and then to \$8,000. The attorney offered him \$7,500. The owner said he never liked odd money, and proposed, after the time-honored custom of schoolboys, to settle the matter as to whether the price should be \$7,000 or \$8,000 by spitting at a crack in the floor.

The attorney objected to the spitting tourney, but offered to flip a dollar. The owner of the property said "all right," and chose tails.

Up spun the dollar into the air, and it came down heads up. The deal was closed at \$7,000, and the attorney proudly pocketed his \$1,000 commission won by flipping the silver dollar. He is going to have a cabinet made for it, and will put the dollar in his parlor as a sacred curiosity.—*Deadwood (Black Hills, S. D.) Pioneer-Times.*

Warning to Tax-Dodgers.

A rather amusing incident occurred in a cattle-rustling case in Sturgis a few days since. A prominent cattleman, whose herds are not confined to Meade County, had lately lost several valuable bovines. After some quiet investigation he secured sufficient evidence against a certain trio to land them where they would no longer outrage society, nor set before the tender youth of the land such depraved examples of degenerated morality.

It was with such ennobling thoughts as these, and with a countenance on which was written a determination to rid a community of at least three moral lepers, and incidentally to make an example for others to contemplate who may look with jealous eye upon his own possessions, that he repaired to Sturgis and retained his determination long enough to see to it that the county should stand the expense of prosecution. The alleged culprits were dragged before the bar of justice, and listened with smiling faces to the overwhelming proofs.

When the prosecution had finished, the defendants calmly set up the claim that they were innocent of stealing cattle from plaintiff, regardless of any evidence, for the very good reason that the plaintiff never did at any time own any cattle whatsoever in Meade County; and in proof of this assertion they demanded an examination of the county assessor's books.

The books failed to show that plaintiff had ever paid taxes on any cattle in that county. Defendants then pointed out the unlawfulness of a county prosecuting a case for an individual who, they maintained, did not own any such

property as was claimed to be stolen. The court dismissed the case, with the remark that he was fully convinced of the guilt of the defendants, but could do nothing but grant them freedom, and while he believed the community would be none the better for their presence, he also believed that hereafter the county's cash-box would weigh more.—*Rapid City (Black Hills, S. D.) Journal.*

The Power of Curiosity.

Five or six hundred people gathered within a radius of a few yards at a street corner is not an uncommon thing in the business center of Butte when there is the least ripple of excitement, says the *Inter Mountain* of that Montana city, but when a crowd of the proportions mentioned appears at an outside point, it is something to be wondered at.

On a recent evening the junction of Park and Montana streets was the scene of unusual animation, but no one seemed to know what it was all about; or at least would not confess it.

The evening before there appeared in one of the city papers an advertisement reading as follows:

"Marie—I was at the appointed place. Will meet you Sunday eve., 3 P. M., Park and Montana streets. Don't fail."

Many people who read the advertisement had a curiosity to know who "Marie" and her "fellow" were, and happened along at the place of meeting a few minutes before the appointed time. Some who had not seen the advertisement, wondered why people were assembling, and stopped to find out. This, of course, increased the proportions of the crowd. The knowing ones would not admit what they were there for, and in order to throw off suspicions began to make inquiries as to the cause of the presence of the people. There were in the crowd ten Maries of varying age and looks, nine of whom, at least, must have imagined that the advertisement meant them.

It was not known whether the real "Marie" and her friend met or not.

A Royal Flush.

A certain Black Hills, S. D., gentleman has a reputation as a mathematician that has eternally barred him from the poker-games where he is known, or where anything is known of his ability at figures. It all arises from his phenomenal success in making calculations at a critical moment, says the *Deadwood Pioneer-Times.*

He had been playing poker with some friends, and the game had just closed. Stories of wonderful hands at poker began to be heard, and one gentleman present told of a big hand that he had run up against at a previous time. He said he was holding a flush, and the other fellow had an ace, king, queen, jack, and ten, and took the pot. He ventured the remark that such a thing might not occur again in ten thousand times.

At this the Black Hills man, after thinking a minute, took issue with him, and said that it would occur in ninety-six hands. The other offered to bet \$10 that it would not. The bet was taken, and the deal began.

Ninety-five hands were passed over, and nothing approaching the royal flush was brought out. But when the ninety-sixth hand was turned up, there it was, and the Black Hills man had won the bet!

He had simply studied it out, and saw that, as a matter of mathematical probability, the royal flush should occur in every ninety-six hands; and in this instance his reckoning had been favored, although he acknowledged that the deal might have gone on all night without such an occurrence again. But, try as he

could to explain the matter, he could not get any more of that gang to play poker with him again. His reckoning was feared.

A Fool and His Money.

Several weeks ago a returned Yukon miner announced to a crowd of admiring friends that he would on the following day "throw away little bunches of money" in the street. This announcement spread like wildfire, and hundreds of people gathered around the place where the golden shower was to occur; but no shower came.

In a few days, however, unheralded and unannounced, George Carmack and his Indian wife and brothers amused themselves by throwing money from the top floor of the Seattle Hotel. In a few moments there was a scramble that would have put a college cane-rush in the shade. As the merry jingle of the coins resounded and the pieces bounded from the pavements into the streets, men dived from the sidewalks and off passing street-cars, butcher-

they knew of no better way of becoming popular and having amusement than by distributing it in the street.—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

Entertaining a Stranger in Manitoba.

On this side of the range of hills that extend along the Pembina, the public road follows the general course of a fine stream that takes its rise among the hills. There are many good farms in the district, and some broken and wooded country. The other day a traveler from Ontario was driving along the road on the way to examine some land which he owned but had never seen, and also to visit some friends whom he had not met for years. The traveler, says the Cypress River (Man.) *Western Prairie*, was overtaken by a young man, a native of Manitoba, who rode a good horse and carried in his hand some bolts with which to repair a threshing-machine. The following conversation took place:

"Can you tell me where I can get some din-

"Do you intend to shoot something?"

"Yes," replied Manitoba. "Which do you prefer, wild duck or prairie-chicken?"

"That which you can get most quickly," said the man in the buggy.

In a few moments there was the report of a gun, and soon afterwards the young man returned with a pair of plump grouse and a handful of fine, clean potatoes, which he had taken from the end of a row in a small field which he passed. Placing the potatoes and the birds in the buggy, and adding two or three sheaves of oats, which he took from a stack by the roadside, for the use of the horses, the traveler was directed to drive to the creek, which was close by. A brisk fire was kindled, the birds were dressed and divided, the potatoes were washed, peeled and sliced, some butter, salt, and pepper were added, and the whole placed in the iron pail and hung over the fire from the end of a projecting pole.

In a short time a delicious stew was ready



AN INDIAN GRAVE ON LAKE KA-CHESS, NEAR ELLENSBURG, WASH.

Contact with the whites has caused these Indians to discontinue many of their old tribal customs, but scenes similar to the above are not uncommon among those that still cling to the ways of their forefathers.

boys and teamsters hurled themselves into the air from their seats, conductors and gripmen forgot all about their charges, and policemen forgot to say "move on."

The street became a seething mass of struggling humanity. Hats were broken and lost, faces were bruised and bleeding, coats were torn, and linen soiled. A barber, who had been standing on the corner when the golden deluge began, was one of the first in the scramble and the last to emerge after the "storm" was over. He went in spotlessly clean, but he came out soiled and torn. In his hands he had \$11, which he thought would recompense him for his experience.

One man went into the scramble with a good hat, and came out bareheaded and empty-handed; and all this time Carmack and his native Alaskan relatives were splitting themselves with laughter in their apartments at the top of the hotel. Having nothing but money,

ner, young man?" said Ontario.

"At almost any house," was the reply.

"I have tried at two or three houses. Some, I suppose, belonged to bachelors, for there was no one in; others were occupied by Icelanders, who did not understand me."

"I see by the iron pail in your buggy that you carry a supply of water; why did you not take some food also?" inquired Manitoba.

"So I did," replied Ontario; "but last night a pair of dogs got at my basket and took everything but some butter that was in a tin."

"Have you any salt?" inquired Manitoba.

"I think there is some salt and pepper in a paper, but that is poor food when taken alone," replied the traveler.

"If you will keep my horse for a few moments," said Manitoba, "and hand me your gun, I will try to make some addition to the butter and the salt."

"What are you going to do?" said Ontario.

There was a scarcity of dishes, but each man had his jackknife, and a couple of large clamshells, taken from the bed of the creek, served as spoons with which to take the more liquid portion of the stew. Legs, wings, and pieces of the breast, with well-flavored slices of potato, were taken from the kettle and eaten with much relish.

"Young man," said the traveler, "if ever you are in Almonte you must come and dine with me. I cannot promise you a better dinner than this, for a better cannot be procured, but we need not be so scarce of dishes as we are now. I think twice as much of this country as I did two hours ago, when I was hungry. Manitoba is all right, but some people do not understand how to get along as well as others, and this is the first time in my life that I ever found a really good dinner procured in such an odd way without an outlay of a single cent for either ourselves or the horses."



The Care of Bird-Cages.

Brass bird-cages need a great deal of attention, for if at all dirty the brass is inclined to smell disagreeably. Scour the cage, in the first instance, with a rough flannel rubbed into soap; touch any rusty spots with vitriol, diluted with four times its bulk of water, and apply this with a small stiff brush, observing due precaution that none of the acid may touch the skin. Then wash off all traces of it with plenty of warm water, dry the cage thoroughly, and rub it bright with a chamois leather.

White Throats.

Women who would retain the soft contour of their throats must avoid stiff linen collars, which do untold injury in discoloring the skin and making the neck scrawny. If the harm has already been done, the best restorative is cocoa butter—which is the panacea of the actress—and a vigorous rubbing night and morning. The combination of the cocoa butter skin-food and the regular rubbing will strengthen and renew the tissues and will finally produce the desired effect. The process is tedious, but when persevered in proves an infallible remedy.

How to Wear a Veil.

Veils are no longer drawn beneath the chin. They should come just below the nose, and are worn tighter across the face than heretofore. The abbreviated veil is becoming to only a few women, which makes its popularity doubtful. White veils are both stylish and becoming to women of regular features, but must be chosen with care, so as not to get a mesh that shows the skin in blotches, which appears red in contrast to the threads of the veil. White veils of circular shape with patterned border are popular, and we are threatened with red ones in the same shape, having spots of black chenille sprinkled here and there. Black veils are by all odds the most stylish and becoming, and the simpler the mesh the safer the result.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Personal Color Selection.

Every woman, whether she knows it or not, has a color or colors that are hers by right of suitability, and, however much her eye may be captivated by other tints, she should not be led astray by her fancy. Again, certain shades of a particular color are often as unbecoming to a woman's complexion as others are the reverse.

Thus, not only colors, but shades, have to be studied and understood if harmony in these and the becoming in dress are to be attained. Some women only get far enough on the road of good taste in dress to choose colors and materials that blend well or contrast better, but not far enough to take into consideration the more important question of whether the choice made is one that will conduce to their personal advantage. There is a prevailing idea that men lean much toward the plain if not strictly severe style of dress, or what is now termed tailor-made.

The plainer the cut of a bodice and the less elaborate in make, the more becoming it is to the figure of the wearer, and the more it appeals to the masculine taste. Many men go a

step farther and absolutely taboo the present style of tea-gown, dear to the hearts of women. From their point of view the tea-gown, concealing the waist, destroys the symmetry of the figure, and therefore should only be worn in the bed-room, and not out of it. To this mandate many wives have to bow.

A Cup of Coffee.

Coffee lovers are periodically assailed with the dread, amounting sometimes to conviction, that their favorite beverage is not wholesome for them, says the *Philadelphia Times*. These will be assured by some experiments in diet which a physician has carried on at a hospital recently:

He found, to quote from his report, that "coffee acted upon the liver and was altogether the best remedy for constipation and what is called a bilious condition; that tea acted in precisely an opposite direction—namely, as an astringent," and he adds:

"Nothing we found could bring the peace to a sufferer from a malarial chill that would come from a cup of strong coffee with a little lemon-juice added."

Another interesting fact developed by these same experiments was that for neuralgia in its simple form, fresh, strong, hot tea was almost a specific. Many coffee lovers who find at times that the drink is not agreeing with them, will notice a change for the better in its after affect if the cream is left out. This is not so great a hardship as it seems, provided care is taken to have the coffee of the best quality and served clear, fairly strong, and hot.

After taking it in this way for a few mornings, with a lump or two of sugar, it will be almost an effort to return to the cream compound. The difference between the creamless morning coffee and the after-dinner French coffee is that the latter is infused and the former usually boiled. To hold it there for a moment or two develops, so the chemists say, the stimulating property.

The breakfast coffee, therefore, which is intended to freshen one for the day, should be prepared in this way. The little cup taken at the end of the dinner and the day is better to be simply infused through the French coffee-pot, as the exciting property is helpfully spared at such time.

Secret of Daintiness.

Daintiness is that indefinable quality in a girl which causes her to appear more charming in her young, sweet freshness and tidiness than those around her; it is an attribute which is seldom inborn, but the result of culture. She is certain of making a good impression where others ignominiously fail to do so, a fact which causes jealousy and makes those who are not dainty look on with envious admiration and wish that they, too, possessed the subtle charm.

Daintiness, however, though not inherited, is the outcome of habit. A girl is dainty because she is accustomed to give thought and time to being agreeable to others. Thus it comes natural to her. Her wealth of hair, always so glossy and carefully trained, owes its satiny appearance to the fact that she brushes it regularly and frequently, and not solely when she feels in a mood to do so, or when she desires to look extra nice. Her pretty, soft hands, with their shell-like pink nails, are always in an immaculate condition, for it is her habit and pride to keep them spotlessly clean.

Her person appears to shed around her a fragrant perfume, delicate yet quite perceptible. This subtle fragrance comes from her dainty way of putting her dresses into drawers which contain sachets of sweetly-smelling powder, the scent from which seems to be a part of herself.

A Modern "Widow's Mite."

One does not fully appreciate the truth of the tales one reads in story-books until one sees the same sights and experiences the same feelings that moved the writer to set them down; and great is our surprise to find that, each day of our lives, if we will but keep our eyes open, we will see, and meet with, the same odd characters that we have known only through story-books, and whose existence we have thought questionable or wholly fictitious.

This fact impressed me particularly during a short railway journey recently. I had watched, with more than usual interest, the people that crowded the platforms of the many towns through which the train whirled us on its way to St. Paul. These were not uncommon scenes, certainly, yet I was conscious of being more familiar with them through books than through actual observation. There were the same idle old men that I had read of sitting on barrels and trunks and boxes, contentedly chewing their tobacco-quids, and watching with lazy interest the commotion caused by the incoming train, the great event of each day. There were the farmers, standing by their teams; and there were the farmers' wives, in gala-dress, perhaps, holding tired babies in their arms. There were the shabbily dressed young girls, gazing half curiously, half wistfully, at the richer and more fashionable garbs of their city sisters; and there were the same little barefooted children digging their brown toes deep in the sand and staring at us with wide eyes from under torn hat-brims.

A woman boarded the train at one of the smaller towns—a little creature that might have stepped from between the covers of one of Hamlin Garland's books. She made a queer little picture as she sat there, her worn hands folded in her lap, and her rapt face turned wonderingly toward us. What a withered, wizened, old-maidish face it was, with nothing noble or intellectual about it; yet in it I saw something more than beauty.

The little body interested me, and I resolved to become acquainted with her; so it was not long before she was telling me, with all the confidence of an old friend, how she was going to give herself to the poor sick soldiers, and how she was going to Cuba to help the starving men, and women, and children. She seemed to forget the fact that she had passed her sixtieth birthday, that she had a tendency toward asthma—for her narrow, sunken chest told me that; that she was a nervous old maid, for whom a journey to a neighboring town would be enough to shatter her nerves and cause many a sleepless night. The very magnitude of her resolutions hid from her the terrible details. She did not see the troubles and cares and privations that lay before her; she was looking above and beyond them, to the heights.

It was evident that she had lived in that little town all her life, and that this was her first journey into the world outside.

"I have not been very rich, since father died," she said, "but I have been saving all the time, and since I have sold my home I have really a great deal—enough, at least, to serve the Cubans."

Yes, she was an ignorant little soul, and her life seemed mean and contemptible compared with the strength and gifts of youth; yet it was all she had, and she was giving her mite freely and willingly.

It was not long before we came to Eau Claire, and then my companion gathered her luggage about her and said good-bye, leaving me to go on my way alone, yet not without carrying with me the brightness of a reflected light.

LOUISE H. BURR.

Useful Hints for the Family Circle.

With the approach of cold weather comes the desire to supply oneself with a pleasant occupation for the many hours that one must spend in the house. It is hard to believe that winter is so nearly at hand, with the ideal weather we are now enjoying; nevertheless, we may awaken some morning to find that the face of nature has changed, perhaps only to become more beautiful, if that be possible; and she is wise who has already provided for the metamorphosis. How can this be done? Well, after a good book, what more pleasant or profitable occupation can be found than the now universal one

work for the girl or boy long since out of the home nest, she goes back in memory to the days when her fingers trembled over just such a task; but it was not age then, that made them tremble, it was the sound of a footstep. Only a neighbor's boy? Ah, yes! but many a horizon has been bounded by a "neighbor's boy." Cannot you imagine the pride with which mother's work will be shown in that other home, possibly many miles away?

And then comes the small girl who must have a piece to do. True, it is only outlining, but it is a beginning, a stepping-stone to better things. Since our kindergartens are so numer-

have patted this bright little chap upon the head and murmured blessings on him, but I doubt if such a liberty would have been anything but distasteful to him.

The question which one hears upon every hand is, "What is there new in fancy-work?" for there is a decided fashion in that as in everything else. In cushions—for which there is more demand than ever—the Oriental, known under various names, such as Bulgarian, Peruvian, etc., is this fall brought out in such truly Oriental designs and coloring that they might have come direct from the Orient. Colors which, under careless or crude handling, would be a painful sight, are blended so well as to be a study in harmony; and for a corner that is a trifle dark, these pillows are just the thing. To finish them there comes a very inexpensive cord, with the predominant colors interwoven. They are quite large, and make a nice finish.

For the smoking-room, or den, there are numerous designs. One in particular has a chummy-looking pipe in the center, with sprigs of the "weed" prettily arranged around it, and the words—"My pipe my solace is, in all emergencies." This, on tan linen, worked in golden brown, makes a pillow handsome and durable.

For my lady's parlor there are styles innumerable, but none prettier than white linen with conventional or floral decorations—passion-flowers, roses, and dogwood being first favorites.

Another decidedly new thing, also to be worked on linen or satin, is an "autograph pillow." It is a graceful arrangement of spaces about like an ordinary calling-card, attached by ribbon, prettily interlaced. One's friends put their signature in these spaces, which are then worked. This is particularly nice for a bride; she will then have a perpetual reminder of the great day and of those who participated in her joy. One that figured in a recent wedding was of cream satin, a piece of the bride's dress.

For the table there are many dainty new designs. Foremost among flowers used are apple-blossoms, worked in colors so natural that one almost imagines the existence of a faint perfume.

Many centerpieces come with finished edges, thus doing away with the buttonholing which so many ladies object to; and the work on these, though done by machine, so closely resembles hand-work as to nearly deceive experienced workers. These, of course, come proportionately higher. There are also new shapes in centerpieces. One, very superior to round centerpieces, is an elongated diamond, which needs only to be seen to be admired; for if one has a handsome bouquet or even a fern on a table, the work on a round piece is often half hidden.

Tumbler doilies and the smaller pieces seem to be a thing of the past; and now—unless it be a complete set for use on the bare, polished table—the centerpiece, carving-cloth, and doily for carafe, with perhaps one or two other ten-inch doilies, complete the set. A set of this sort, seen recently, was of orchids—a flower, however, which no novice should attempt. This flower gives unlimited scope for one's taste in coloring, but care should be used in the selection of silks. Dull pinks, yellows, and rich purples were the colors used in the one referred to, and, while this sounds like a daring mixture on one piece, the result was very beautiful.

Too many ladies are careless about the selection of green to be used, thinking that what they have will do. This is a mistake,—unless what they have is right,—as too many otherwise fine pieces of work will attest.

For the sitting-room table there are hand-some colored linens in coarse weave. The prettiest of those shown was of dull rose-color with an applied border of green, on which was worked sprays of holly.

N. M. BOYD.



IN CHILL NOVEMBER.

"The trees now bear their leaves no more,
The murmur'ring streams are frozen o'er."

of embroidery? and, indeed, there is none more graceful or becoming to a lady, whether she be old or young.

Novelists of old thought the dainty bit of embroidery, together with the spinet, fitting background for their heroines; and it is safe to say, even in this prosaic age, that many a romance has been interwoven with the stitches of the fancy-work. Many girlish fingers are being fitted for the coarser and more necessary forms of needle-work, by the so-called "craze" for embroidery.

Not alone are the young and middle-aged interested; dear old grandma has revived her knowledge of "satin stitch," and while peering through her spectacles, making some bit of

ous, many a small boy becomes quite handy with his needle, also. And why not? The knowledge will never be a burden, and may possibly do away with the handy nail as a substitute for lost buttons.

Among the numerous pieces of work that came under the notice of the writer some time since, was an embroidered photograph frame, brought in by a boy of ten, to be mounted. It was not a "girl-boy," either, but a bright, manly little fellow, who knew perfectly well that it was not regular "boys' work." He had done it for mamma's Christmas present, and, though feeling somewhat shy over the unusual task, he made his bargain with genuine Yankeeshrewdness. Had I dared to take the liberty, I would



CORDOVA STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C., LOOKING EAST.

"The business buildings are built principally of brick, granite or sandstone, and the building operations for 1898 will amount in the aggregate to over two million dollars."



CORDOVA AND WATER STREETS, VANCOUVER, B. C.

"In the retail districts are many large establishments in which rich and expensive stocks are carried."

VANCOUVER, QUEEN CITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

By W. Rose.

Out in British Columbia lies a peninsula extending into the blue Pacific waters. On the west is English Bay, while on the east is Burrard Inlet; and at the point where their waters meet, Siwash Rock stands, like a grim sentinel, guarding the entrance. On the opposite side of the inlet purple-hued mountains lift their snow-crowned heads thousands of feet above the dashing seas. The mysterious sweep of the Japan current, bearing the warmth of the tropics, bathes these shores and tempers the winter cold and the summer heat.

At the end of this peninsula the land rises in rocky cliffs that are crowned with great Douglas fir-trees, which wave their graceful heads two hundred feet in air. The beach is covered with huge black boulders, and the rising tide of old ocean rushes in among them with a hissing, angry roar, only to be thrown back in a smother of white foam from the hard, unyielding cliffs. The sea rushing in through this narrow inlet, as the tide rises, heaves and boils in a long series of tide-rips, pouring in with fierce velocity. A traveler coming by one of the great steamships stands upon her deck watching the surging billows, the rapidly approaching rocky shore, the somber forests, the towering mountains, and as he passes the white lighthouse that marks the Narrows, he wonders where his good ship is bearing him; but even as he wonders, the ship rounds a wooded point, the shores seem to recede, and his astonished eyes behold the placid blue waters of Burrard Inlet, three miles wide by twelve miles long—so land-locked that the fiercest storms of ocean do not reach it, so deep that the largest ships may sail in and ride peacefully at anchor, so commodious that the fleets of the world could find safe anchorage in its welcoming haven.

To the left rise the grand old mountains, and at their feet nestles an Indian mission, with its white cottages; while prominent in their midst stands the mission church. Drawn up on shore are many Indian canoes; and other canoes are seen sailing by, their large sheets spread to the breeze, while packed unconcernedly within may be an Indian with his whole family—squaw, children, dogs, and a complete camping outfit, all in a canoe so narrow that a white man would be inclined to part his hair in the middle and breathe very carefully from fear of capsizing. On either shore are great saw-mills, turning out immense ship-

timbers thirty-six inches square and eighty to one hundred feet long, known as "British Columbia toothpicks," and many other kinds of lumber; while at their docks lie full-rigged ships, barks, brigs, and steamers loading lumber for the four corners of the earth.

Lying at anchor are vessels of many nations, and looking to the right, where the visitor thinks to find the primeval forest and the lodge of the red man, to his amazement he finds a beautiful city. In the foreground are the great docks and a magnificent depot, while rising almost from the water's edge he sees street after street of great business houses, the cozy homes of the people spreading in all directions over the hills. From the flag-staffs of many tall buildings the flag of the British Empire floats to the breeze, while here and there may be seen also the Stars and Stripes, showing that, though the Queen rules here, a warm friendship exists for her cousins across the border.

The city is Vancouver. The inlet is her famous harbor, one of the finest in the world; and the forest past which the stranger sailed is only her beautiful Stanley Park. The ship draws in to her dock, and, stepping ashore, the new-comer is driven to the Canadian Pacific's elegant hotel, The Vancouver, where he is speedily at home, surrounded by all the luxury of modern hotel life. From here he proceeds on many tours of investigation, and learns many facts about this vigorous young city, which, eleven years ago, was but a burned hole in a forest, a great fire having swept the young town from the face of the earth, leaving but one house standing. Today Vancouver has a population of nearly twenty-five thousand. She is the commercial metropolis of Western Canada, and the Pacific Coast gateway to the entire Dominion, where the products of the West and the Far East meet. It is a cosmopolitan city, where representatives of almost every country under the sun may be met with.

The city is built on high ground sloping to the sea, the business section, and largely the residence section, being on a peninsula which comes very near being an island. The location is beautiful indeed, the ever present sea, and the nearness of the mountains, giving a variety of scenery seldom found. In the distance are the mountains of the Olympic Range, while to the north rise the Coast, or Cascade Range, whose snow-topped peaks seem but a few miles from the city's busy streets. On the west it is

protected from the winds of the open ocean by the highlands of Vancouver Island, which may be plainly seen, fifty miles away, across the Straits of Georgia.

While nature has been lavish in her gifts, the hand of man has not been idle. Miles of paved streets, mostly asphalt, macadam, or cedar blocks, reach to all parts of the city, and street improvements are being made rapidly. The business buildings are built principally of brick, granite, or sandstone, and the building operations for the season of 1898 will amount in the aggregate to over two million dollars, among them being four fine new bank buildings. The residence streets are charming with their cozy homes, beautiful shade-trees, green lawns, and bright flowers. New residences are in process of construction in every part of the city, the demand for houses being far in excess of the number available.

There is an ample supply of the purest water, distributed by an excellent water-works system owned by the city, the water being conducted through mains laid under the inlet from the Capilano River, a pure mountain stream which has its source among the eternal snows of the Cascades. Rapid transit is furnished by the electric tramway system of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, whose equipment is first-class, and whose cars enable the visitor to reach all parts of the city and also New Westminster, twelve miles distant, and the Fraser River. This company also furnishes the electric lighting, there being 220 two-thousand candle-power arc lights, and fifteen thousand incandescent lights in use.

Among the points of interest to visitors, Stanley Park easily holds first place. The tram-cars carry one to the gates from any part of the city for a five-cent fare. The park occupies the extreme point of the peninsula, and contains some nine hundred acres. One may soon lose oneself in its forest-lined avenues. There is a menagerie, an aviary, swings and playgrounds for the children, beautiful picnic-grounds, and excellent bicycle and carriage roads. There is fine boating and sailing, and there is a recreation ground where bicycle-races and athletic games are held.

To visitors from east of the mountains the forest growth is a never ending surprise, great trees reaching heavenward hundreds of feet, with undergrowth so dense that it is next to impossible to penetrate it; while in the shady

nooks the most beautiful fern-growths tempt the botanist. The park has been left as nearly as possible in a state of nature; so one may study this wild luxuriance, which is characteristic of the forests of the Pacific Coast. At a point known as the "Big Trees," these giants may be seen at their best. Standing beside these colossal fir-trees, one fully appreciates one's insignificance. The park is free to the public at all times, being maintained by the city. During the summer free band concerts are given every Sunday afternoon, and also on several evenings during the week.

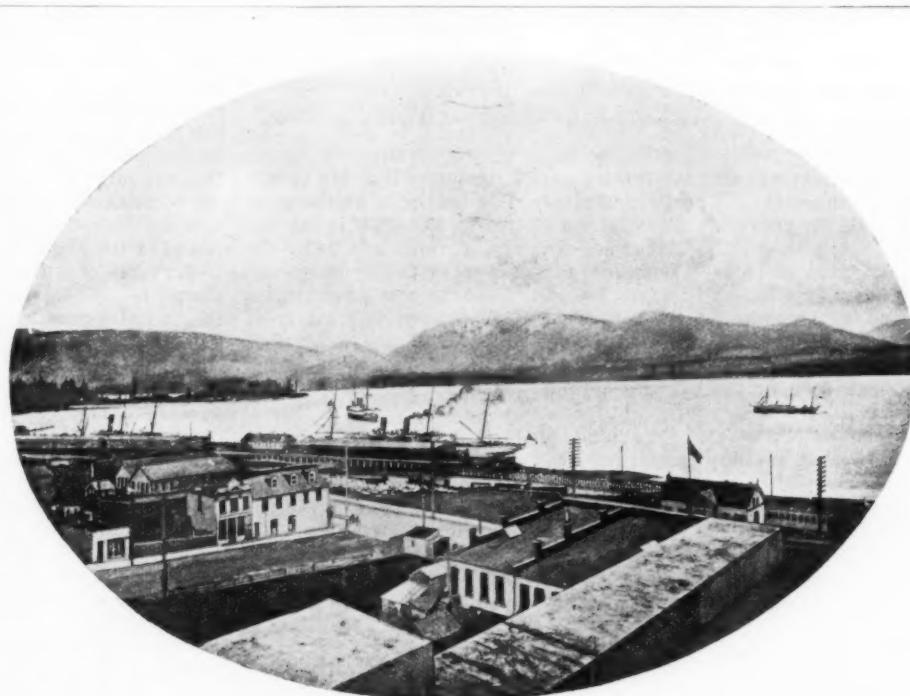
Washing the eastern and northern shores of the park are Burrard Inlet and the Narrows, through which all incoming and outgoing vessels pass; while opposite rise the majestic mountains. To the west, looking from Prospect Point, one gets a fine view of the breezy ocean across English Bay, out past the lighthouse, and across the Straits of Georgia. On a clear day one may distinctly see the blue, mountainous shore of Vancouver Island, fifty miles away, slowly-rising smoke-wreaths mark-

is a village of summer cottages and tents, where the shore rises some twenty-five feet above the gleaming water. During the past summer hundreds of people were camped there, the white tents occupying the bluff for a long distance, and extending far back into the "bush," as it is called in Coast parlance. The snowy tents, the bright costumes of the ladies, the merry, rollicking children chasing one another up and down the beach; the gay crowds of bathers; the rush and plunge of the water toboggans, as jolly parties descend the long chutes; happy picnic, boating and sailing parties, intent on enjoying themselves to the utmost; the deep blue of the sky and water, the constant breaking of the surf on the sandy beach, the mountains so near at hand,—all make up a scene never to be forgotten.

The Beach is provided with every convenience for bathing—dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, bathing-costumes, life-saving apparatus, refreshment rooms, hotels, and dancing-pavilions, and a few days or weeks spent there will bring new life and vigor to the

those of quieter taste, fishing for whiting, or, as they are called on the Coast, "Tommy Cods," affords much amusement. There is good hunting to be had within a few hours' journey from the city, both large and small game being abundant.

Among the public buildings are the courthouse, city hall, hospitals, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. buildings, free library and reading-room, the post-office and customs house, and a fine opera-house. There are a number of foreign consulates, and ladies will find the Japanese Legation particularly interesting if they should be fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the little Japanese baby, which is really about the cutest morsel of babyhood to be seen anywhere. The religious and educational facilities are of the best, there being churches of all denominations, together with a Salvation Army corps. The free public school system is excellent. There are seven buildings, fifty-six teachers, and twenty-seven hundred pupils. The total value of school property is \$299,000. There are also parochial and private schools.



A VIEW OF VANCOUVER'S HARBOR, FROM THE CITY.

"In the distance is the Olympic Range, while to the north rise the Coast, or Cascade Range, whose snow-topped peaks seem but a few miles from the city's busy streets."

ing the location of Nanaimo and her great coal-mines. Directly opposite, across the waters, Point Bay protrudes its forest-covered shore, and in its shelter the mighty current of the Fraser River pours its flood, gathered from the snows and glaciers of the great mountain ranges, into the ocean. Continuing on round the carriage-drive overlooking the beach, from which beautiful vistas of heaving sea and foamy white breakers may be seen, framed in by gently-waving trees, with the salt air, borne over leagues of blue billows, rushing into our lungs in long, lingering breaths, causing the blood to course through ones veins like wine, we come to White Beach, a strip of smooth, sandy shore where the surf breaks in long, white lines. Here is the end of the marine cable connecting Victoria, the Provincial capital on Vancouver Island, with the mainland. Proceeding, we are soon passing out of the south gate of the park and enter Vancouver's summer resort, "The Beach," at English Bay. It

weary city dweller. The tram-cars now take one to within about five blocks of the Beach, but next season a branch line is to be built clear through, which will be a much-needed convenience. Another point of interest is Central Park, situated on the Interurban tram-line, midway between Vancouver and New Westminster. Here many picnics are held, and free band concerts are given on summer evenings. Here is also located the Rifle Range, where the military companies practice firing.

To the visitor fond of sport with rod or gun, Vancouver is an excellent base of operations. There is fine trout-fishing in the Capilano River, opposite the city, and in many of the swift mountain streams emptying into the bay or the straits, any of which may be reached in a few hours by rowboat or sailboat. In the spring and summer exciting sport may be had in trolling for salmon in the bay, especially for spring salmon, which range from ten to forty pounds in weight, and fight like a trout. For

Prominent among the things of interest to visitors are the hotels, with which the city is well provided. Hotel Vancouver is centrally located three blocks from the railway station, in handsome grounds commanding a fine view of the harbor and the mountains. The city lies at one's feet, while to the southeast Mount Baker rises in snowy grandeur, looking like a huge white cloud; and to the west English Bay glints and gleams in the sunshine. The hotel is five stories in height, is built of pressed brick and granite, and is provided with all modern improvements. It is owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and its rates are from three to five dollars per day. Hotel Metropole, the Commercial House, and the Badminton are also well situated and modern, their rates ranging from \$2 to \$3 per day. There are a number of smaller houses, of course, whose rates are from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day; and there are many good private boarding-places. Visitors may feel assured of pleas-



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW STATION IN VANCOUVER.

"This company is now completing . . . an elegant and commodious station which, with additional wharves and warehouses, will cost almost a million dollars."

ant treatment, as a more courteous people never can be met with than those of Vancouver.

A day may be passed in viewing the wharves, where the great ocean vessels are loading and unloading their cargoes to and from all parts of the world. The Chinese quarters will also claim attention. John is found in all his varied avocations, from washee-washee to fan-tan. One of the unique sights of Chinatown is the mill, where rice is ground into flour by the Chinese hand method. Though its citizenship is composed of so many diversified elements, the town is most orderly, being far in advance of many Eastern cities in this particular. There is an adequate police force, but it is seldom called upon to quell disturbances.

Among the public improvements are over a hundred miles of graded streets, the principal ones being paved, as before remarked, with asphalt, macadam, or wooden blocks. There are eighty miles of sidewalks, forty-four miles of water-mains, twenty-three miles of sewers, and 220 fire hydrants. The assessed valuation of real property in the city is \$13,000,869, and the assessed value of improvements is \$2,220,745, this being fifty per cent of the actual value—a very good showing for a city of but twelve years' growth.

British Columbia is the most westerly Province of Canada, and one of the largest and richest in the variety and volume of its resources. Its trade is increasing yearly, and now reaches all parts of the civilized world. It is also Canada's western outlet to China, Japan, New Zealand, Australia, the Islands of the South Pacific, and to the great gold basin of the Yukon, lying to the north of it.

The Province is about 700 miles long, with an average width of 400 miles. It contains an area of 383,000 square miles, a larger area than that of any country of Europe, excepting Russia. In its territory are included Vancouver Island, Queen Charlotte Islands, and a large part of the Archipelago of the Pacific Coast, the Province having an ocean frontage of over a thousand miles, on which are many fine harbors. Speaking generally, it is a mountainous country with intervening valleys of rich lands, magnificent stretches of forest, and ample water-ways. Its mines, forests, streams, and

soil furnish natural resources that are practically unlimited. The timber is enormous in quantity, fine in quality, and great in variety. The mines already discovered and under development, and the wide extent of unexplored country, bespeak vast stores of mineral wealth; while the wide, fertile valleys indicate great agricultural possibilities. Mining, lumbering, fisheries, and agriculture combine to enrich British Columbia in a manner which is but dimly appreciated as yet.

The total production of mines, including gold, silver, lead, copper and other metals, together with coal, to January, 1897, was about a hundred million dollars in value, while the value of the production for 1897 was \$10,455,268. The timber of the Province consists of Douglas fir, commercially known as Oregon pine; white pine, black pine, yellow spruce, red cedar, tamarack, silver fir, balsam spruce, oak, elm, maple, aspen, and other woods. Shipments of lumber in 1897, through the port of Vancouver alone, aggregated 70,934,621 feet, about twenty-four million feet of which was shipped by rail.

Foremost among the industries of the Province are her fisheries, the product of which has increased enormously within a few years. The canned salmon of the Pacific Coast is now known and extensively used all over the world. For the fifteen years preceding 1897, the total value of the British Columbia salmon product was \$33,000,000. Add to this the catch of the halibut, sturgeon, herring, oolachan, trout, cod, and other fish, and including the fur seals, the total value of her sea products have been \$50,000,000. Halibut of good size and fine flavor, and cod, are plentiful in these waters. The halibut fisheries are just being developed, and a great quantity of this fine fish is now being exported. Last year's catch was about 4,000,000 pounds. Huge sturgeon, some weighing a thousand pounds, are caught in the Frazer and other large rivers. There is a big future for this industry, especially in the manufacture of caviare, which is said to equal the Russian article in quality. The surf smelt, common smelt, and anchovy are abundant. This coast offers a wide field of occupation to "toilers of the sea." There is no rent to pay; the land belongs to the occupants, and a man may soon

have his own home, his own piece of land, and his own boat.

No one who has not seen it can credit the enormous numbers of salmon which crowd these waters during the spawning season. Passengers on the Canadian Pacific trains during this season, which is from July to September, may frequently see broad expanses of river, or deep pools, packed almost solid with wiggling masses of these superb fish on their way to the spawning-grounds, they being plainly in view from the platforms or car windows as the train passes. The salmon of the Fraser River are found throughout the streams for six hundred miles in the interior, during the spawning season. There are five different kinds, the tyhee, or spring salmon; the sockeye, the variety chiefly used for canning; the coho, humpback, and dog salmon; and they arrive from the sea at different times, when they ascend to the fresh waters of the upper rivers to spawn. There are sixty-eight salmon canneries in the Province, employing, during the season, over sixteen thousand men. Thirteen thousand of these men are engaged in the Fraser River fisheries. An additional number of men are at work in sealing and deep-sea fishing. Each cannery and its equipment costs from thirty to forty thousand dollars, about two million dollars being invested in this industry. Forty-six of these canneries are on the Fraser, one on English Bay, and the remainder are on the streams farther north. The annual salmon pack for 1876 was only 9,847 cases, while for 1897 it was 990,000 cases of 48 pounds to the case, valued at four millions of dollars. There are now consumed in the Province, or exported, fresh fish to the value of a quarter of a million dollars annually. The vast amount of supplies used in this industry come largely from Vancouver, although but one cannery is located directly in the city.

Steveston, at the mouth of the Fraser River, twelve miles from the city, is the headquarters of the salmon fleet; and a visitor who can be here in the canning season, from July 1 to August 25, should not fail to visit the "fishing capital." It is the experience of a lifetime. Reaching the town on a Saturday night, we found the salmon fleet in for its Sunday rest; for, according to Government rules, there must be no fishing from Saturday at 6 P. M. until Sunday at the same time. Strolling among the crowds on the streets, one might easily imagine oneself in Constantinople or Gibraltar. The babel of tongues is confusing; for here are English, Canadian, American, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Greeks, Italians, Scandinavians, Spanish-Americans, Turks, Arabs, and a few negroes—an orderly crowd, nevertheless.

There are some four thousand fishing-boats on the Fraser, each boat being twenty to twenty-five feet long and carrying two men—a net man and a boat puller. Nearly all the boats carry sails, also. By five o'clock Sunday evening this vast fleet is all under canvas and moving to the fishing-ground, each boat endeavoring to get a good position. The mouth of the river is full of them, and they spread far out into the Straits of Georgia. As six o'clock approaches the excitement is intense; the nets are ready, and the fishermen stand waiting for the signal from the Government vessel. At exactly six o'clock the signal is given, and these thousands of nets are cast into the water as if by one impulse, the rush of splashing water and rattling floats being heard for miles. The week's labor has begun. Each net is 300 yards long and twenty to thirty meshes deep, the meshes being five and three-fourth inches in size. The water is literally covered with the long lines of floats, which are attached to the upper edge of the nets. The lower edge is

weighted with lead sinkers, which stretch the net down—like a fence in the water. As the fish come in from the sea they swim against the nets, and in their efforts to free themselves their gills are caught in the meshes. Many, of course, escape and continue on their way to fresh water, but it is not so with thousands of others. The fish caught are delivered to the canneries at least once ever twenty-four hours, where they are cleaned, cooked, and canned. In this work 150 to 600 people are employed in each cannery.

When, at last, we steamed toward the city, it was a magnificent scene that we looked back upon. There was the great river, pouring its yellow tide to the sea. Farther out were the broad waters of the straits, tinged with crimson, purple, and gold from the setting sun. The fleet of boats, now spread widely and slowly drifting with the tide; the long lines of nets, and back of these the semicircle of dark mountains, their peaks turned to huge golden masses—to sapphire—to the most brilliant hues of the rainbow, as the sun slowly sinks behind them toward the west, helped to lend a romance and a splendor to the scene. In the distance the bold outlines of Vancouver Island were silhouetted against the sky, which is now all aglow with superb coloring, shading from the most intense scarlet to the most delicate violet, the sun itself one mass of red fire. These sunsets of the Pacific Coast are beautiful beyond description. As the light died out, and

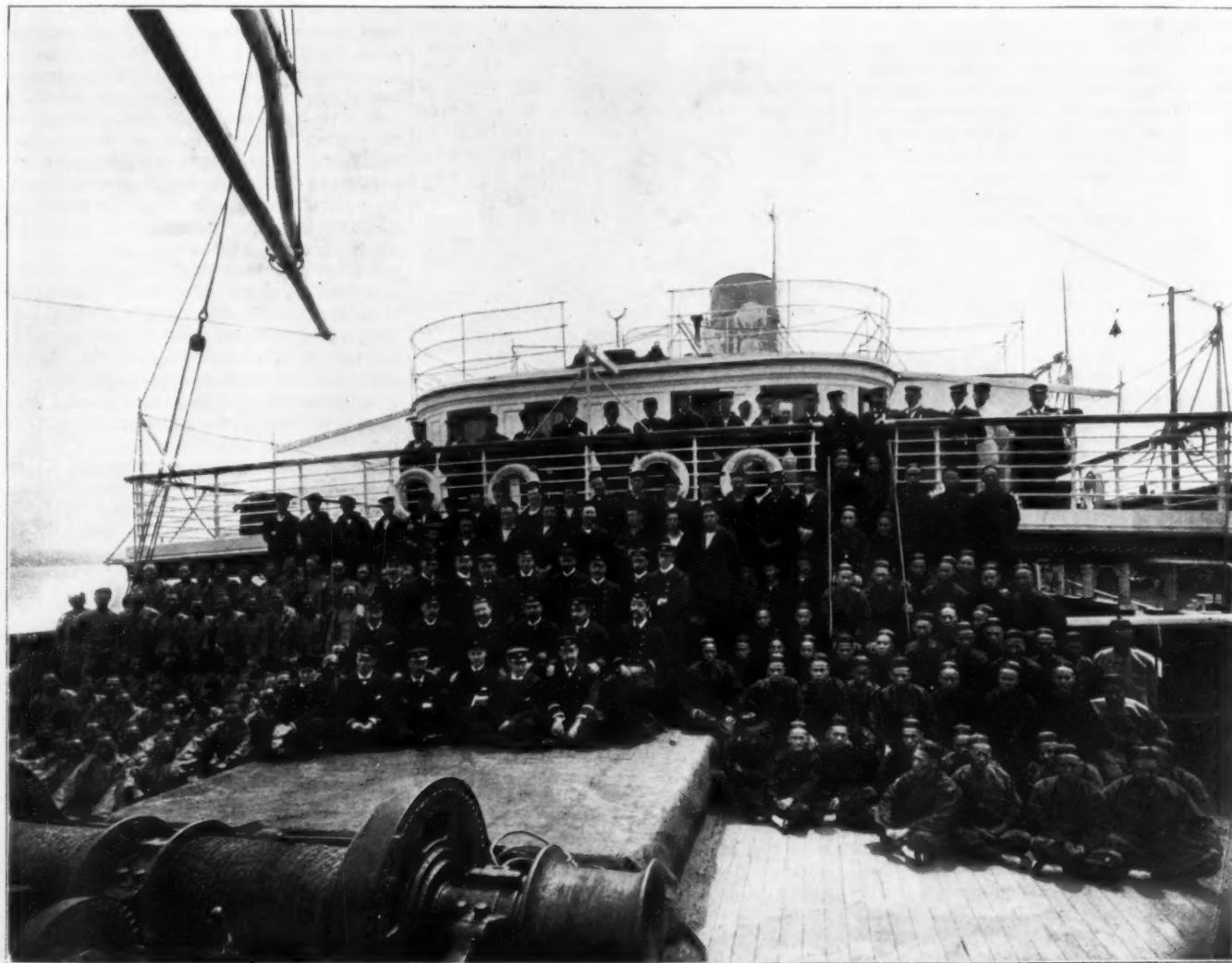
the shades of darkness drew their curtains round us, we carried with us the memory of a day never to be forgotten, and a picture which will never fade.

Not alone in her minerals, timber, and fish is British Columbia rich, but agriculture is claiming each year greater recognition, and the cultivation of fruit is becoming a large industry. There is almost every kind of land, from the rich river bottoms, as in the Fraser River delta, to the lighter lands of the highlands. In the delta, and along the coast generally, the rainfall is ample, but in the higher altitudes of the interior, irrigation is necessary. On the higher lands bunch-grass is indigenous, and affords most excellent pasturage for cattle and horses, large herds of which are marketed from these sections. The British Columbia Fruit-Growers' Association is doing much to advance this valuable industry, both in gaining practical knowledge of the proper varieties and their cultivation, and in the proper packing and marketing of the product. There are open to settlers Crown or Dominion lands, Provincial government lands, Canadian Pacific lands, and lands of private owners. The agents of the Canadian Pacific Railway will at all times be pleased to give detailed information regarding these different lands, and the price and terms upon which they can be obtained.

Surrounded thus by great natural resources, and the center of a large and constantly increasing commerce, Vancouver has before her

a bright future. Connecting her with the outside world is, first, the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose steel bands stretch across the continent three thousand miles—from tide-water on the Atlantic at Halifax and Montreal, to the Pacific at Vancouver, and whose branch lines tap the tributary territory north and south of the main line. This company is now just completing in Vancouver an elegant and commodious new station, which, with additional wharves and warehouses, will cost almost a million dollars. In connection with the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie, or "Soo" line, the C. P. R. forms what is known as the "Soo Pacific," traversing the States of North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, and forming with its connections a direct line to the East through the United States. The city also has connections with the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, both companies maintaining offices here, and by these lines there is connection with the entire railway system of the United States.

The ocean service is very complete. Travelers via Vancouver can speedily reach any port of the civilized world by fast steamships. The Canadian Pacific service to Japan and China is handled by the three great "White Empresses"—Empress of India, Empress of China, and Empress of Japan, the only twin-screw steamers on the Pacific. They are 485 feet long, 51 feet beam, 36 feet deep, and register 6,000 tons. One of these superb ships sails for the Far East



OFFICERS AND CREW OF ONE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY'S EMPRESS LINERS.

"The Canadian Pacific service to China and Japan is handled by three great 'White Empresses'. . . They are 485 feet long, . . . and register 6,000 tons. One of these superb steamers sails for the Far East every three weeks."

every three weeks. The same company operates a line of fast screw steamers to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, Fiji Islands, New Zealand, and Australia, a steamer leaving every four weeks. The Union Steamship Company operates a line to local ports along the coast, to the Islands of British Columbia, and to Alaskan ports; while the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company operates lines to Victoria, Fraser River points, many local coast ports, and to Alaska. Other lines, both Canadian and American, operate to Dyea, Skagway, Wrangel, and St. Michaels, in Alaska, and to the Yukon, the trip from Vancouver to Dawson now occupying only eleven to fourteen days. Steamers sail also to Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, San Francisco, and to Mexican and South American ports. Freight-ships sail to all ports of the world. The trade of this port for the year ending June 30, 1898, as shown by the custom-house reports, was \$14,330,207, and the customs revenue was \$667,842.

In manufacturing lines the city makes a better showing than many towns of 100,000 population. Nearly all branches of industry are represented, though there is still room for larger investments of a similar nature. There are large iron-works, foundries, and machine-shops; there are extensive sugar-refining works, soap-works, tent factories, canning and evaporating works, candy factories, planing-mills, mattress manufacturers, breweries, and pork-packing plants; and there is the great salmon-canning industry, and other enterprises which cannot here be mentioned.

The commercial lines of the city are very strong. In the retail districts are many notably large establishments, in which rich and extensive stocks are carried, and in the wholesale houses will be found big lines of all kinds of goods and wares needed in the tributary territory. Among these concerns are representatives of English, Australian, and other foreign houses, it having been found profitable to maintain agencies in this thriving Coast city.

Vancouver's Board of Trade has done much to forward the city's progress. The president is C. E. Tisdall, and the secretary is Wm. T. Stein, who will be pleased to furnish any desired information. This board disbursed over nine thousand dollars in publishing to the world the advantages of Vancouver as an outfitting point for the Yukon gold-fields. Thousands outfitted there. Being in Canadian territory, no duty is charged on outfits purchased in that market, a saving of from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. Swift steamers carry one from Vancouver to the Klondike gold-fields, and it has been found one of the best routes to the golden El Dorado. Few cities in North America are better known. It has large capital, great enterprise, excellent newspapers, and it is in a Province whose vast wealth can hardly be computed—great as are the strides which have recently been taken to develop it. No one who knows anything of this largest city in British Columbia, can doubt for a moment that it is destined to an opulent and successful future.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

Twelve miles from Vancouver is the town of New Westminster. It is situated on the Fraser River, sixteen miles above its mouth, and is reached by either the electric tram-cars or by the Canadian Pacific Railway, it being the fresh-water terminus of the C. P. R., and the northern terminus of the Great Northern Railway. New Westminster is picturesquely situated, occupying the face of a high hill overlooking the Fraser for many miles. The streets, one above another, rise from the water's edge to the top of this hill, affording most beautiful views up and down the broad river and out across the Straits of Georgia, with Lulu Island and the delta in the foreground.

The famous Fraser River salmon canneries have their headquarters here. But a few short weeks ago there were a number of creameries located within the city limits, and the business part of the city was built up with fine brick and stone structures, first-class hotels, an elegant public library and museum, and all that goes to make a handsome city of 7,000 population. Today we extend to the people of this stricken city our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of distress; for on the night of Sept. 10, 1898, one of the most terrible fires that ever visited the Pacific Coast swept away almost every vestige of the business center and some two hundred and fifty residences of this handsome and progressive British Columbia town, entailing a loss of three million dollars in a few hours. Nobly have the surrounding cities responded to the call for aid, however, and New Westminster is rapidly rising from its ashes.

Fortunately, most of the factories and public institutions escaped. Among the factories are some of the largest plants on the Pacific Coast. A can manufacturing concern turns out eight million cans annually, made entirely by machinery, and cooperage box factories turn out 900,000 salmon-cases and fruit-boxes yearly. There are planing-mills, lumber-mills, furniture factories, a brewery, creamery, roller-mill, sash-and-door factories, shipyards, etc. The wholesale houses were swept out by the great fire, one of them, a jobbing and manufacturing cigar house, having had the reputation of turning out a million cigars every twelve months.

There is a fine system of water-works, supplied with the purest water from a mountain lake sixteen miles away, the system being owned and operated by the city. Excellent public schools are in evidence, also. There is a Roman Catholic seminary for divinity students, a college for boys, and a convent for girls. Columbia College, one of the eight colleges of the Methodist church in Canada, is located here. There is the Royal Columbian Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital, the Hospital for Women, and a large orphanage. The asylum for the insane, and the British Columbia Penitentiary, are also located here.

Steamboats ply up and down the Fraser River daily, bringing the ocean, lake, and river resorts within easy reach, with good hunting and fishing-grounds. It is in New Westminster, during the month of October, each year, that is held the Provincial and International Exhibition, in connection with the fair of the Royal Industrial and Agricultural Society, and the Citizens' Celebration. The event is held on the exhibition ground of Queen's Park, a beautiful spot on the hill; and this year, despite the awful loss by fire, \$18,000 was distributed in prizes. The city is the center of the agricultural and fruit-growing industries of that district, and the large shipments of fruit, hay, and other farm products indicate that it is one of the most important supply points in all that region of country. A splendid location, and the well-known and oft proven enterprise of her citizens, will rebuild New Westminster and help her to more than hold her own among the growing commercial centers of the British Northwest.

GREAT CHANGES IN HUDSON'S BAY.—The rapid rise of the land about Hudson's Bay is said to be the most remarkable upheaval of an extensive region ever known. Driftwood-covered beaches are now twenty to sixty or seventy feet above the water. New islands have appeared, and many channels and all the old harbors have become too shallow for ships. At this rate the shallow bay will disappear in a few centuries, adding a vast area of dry land or salt marsh to British territory in America.

REMARKABLE PROGRESS MADE IN DENTAL SURGERY.

When Robert Burns wrote his famous tribute to the tooth which made him exclaim—

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang,"

he wrote in an age that had made comparatively slight advances in the art of dentistry. Dental surgery was practiced then, it is true, and as far back as the time of Herodotus, but the practitioners were not so well equipped with methods and facilities as those of today. The only writings of ancient times in which dentistry is spoken of as an art, are those of Galen, who wrote in the second century after Christ; and from then until Ambrose Pare wrote his celebrated work on surgery, there was but little to improve the practice or satisfy the student in dental surgery. The sixteenth century manifested some interest in the subject, and the seventeenth century a great deal more, but it was in the eighteenth century that the larger impetus was given to the study. It remained for the present century, however, to give to dental surgery the high rank among professions which it now holds.

The first native American dentist, it is believed, was Mr. John Greenwood, who began practice in New York about the year 1788. The work then was crude at best. Short shrift was given to offending teeth. The principal consolation afforded, lay in the fact that the mortals of those days were not so often worried by defective teeth, and that few of them ever knew what it was to be altogether toothless. The dental period proper came with change of habits and customs, and with the introduction of modern confections, modern cookery, and other things that are equally nice and equally non-beneficial to one's teeth.

We were thinking on this subject—thinking very painfully, too—the other day when a social visit brought us in contact with Dr. B. C. Cornwall, one of the most skillful, experienced and progressive dentists in St. Paul. A rebellious molar had been making merry with us for several nights, and as it was the one thing uppermost in our mind, we very naturally mentioned it to the doctor.

"Come around in the morning and I'll look at it," he said.

"You can look at it," was the reply, "but you will have to pull it, for it is badly decayed and is past saving."

"Past saving!" he exclaimed. "That is an extreme declaration in these days of dental surgery. Nearly every tooth, no matter how far gone it is, can now be used in some manner. It can be saved either by doctoring or filling it, or it can be built up into a perfect tooth again, or its roots can be used as a base upon which an artificial tooth may rest. Dentists that understand their business do not sacrifice one's natural teeth needlessly."

"What is meant by 'building up a tooth,'" we asked.

"Well, while very many teeth are naturally uneven and irregular, others have become so through abuse, fracture, or decay. All such defects can be remedied by a good dentist. Actors build up a nose, or any other desired feature, but we dentists have a way of building up and improving the appearance of one's broken or imperfectly matched teeth."

"What material do you use in such work?"

"Several are employed, but I prefer porcelain." More questions were asked, and before our

visit came to an end a great deal of interesting information had been gathered relative to the uses of porcelain in dentistry. It was learned that Doctor Cornwell introduced the porcelain process in St. Paul, and that he has made an exclusive specialty of it for at least ten years. So thoroughly satisfied is he with the results, that he regards this comparatively new material as everyway superior to gold, amalgam, or any other material now known. It is employed in manufacturing artificial teeth, in filling, crowning and general repairing, and for all purposes that gold or any other material can be put to. Missing teeth can be restored or replaced by porcelain bridge-work without the necessity of wearing a plate—a statement that will prove of great interest to those who have lost a front tooth, perhaps, and who dread the infliction of a plate.

It is not the cheapest material that one can use, but it is certainly the most satisfactory, because it most nearly resembles the natural teeth. We have all seen that hideous spectacle presented by a mouthful of gold. Even one tooth, if it has been filled and built up with gold, disfigures the whole countenance. It is like hanging a big yellow sign on a front door—you cannot see anything else. No one will deny that a perfect natural tooth is superior in point of beauty to anything that can be substituted for it; so it follows that the next best tooth is the one which most faithfully counterfeits the natural. Among the aristocracy of Continental Europe, gold dentistry is very little used. They rightly argue that anything so unnatural is unsightly and therefore unbecoming and in exceedingly bad form. They neither want their teeth decorated with gold nor rendered black and dead-looking by means of materials which in time become discolored. Nearly all the leading dentists there now use porcelain; their patrons will have naught else.

It was learned from Doctor Cornwell that teeth that have been repeatedly filled with metals and have as often failed to render proper service, can be restored to their natural appearance and functions, by the aid of porcelain, without disturbing the living pulp, or nerve. When the natural crown has decayed beyond the metal filling, and the tooth is still alive, or the crown is undeveloped, irregular in form, twisted in its socket, slightly out of position, or is worn away, perhaps, by friction or erosion, it can be crowned and regulated without sacrificing the pulp, and with a crown the facing of which has the firmest of attachments throughout its entire palatal surface, thus making the strongest porcelain-faced crown known.

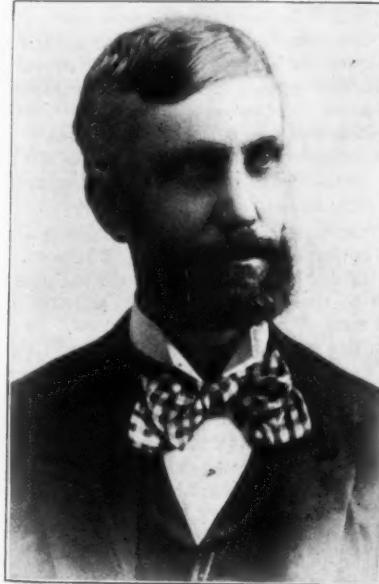
This material possesses the properties of both porcelain and enamel. It is a perfect filling. It resists acids, is not stained by sulphides, is harder than the substance of which artificial teeth are made, and it is perfectly adapted to cavities which, under gold treatment, would be continually sensitive to changes of temperature.

Doctor Abbot, a noted dentist of Berlin, says that he considers the whole process, and the enamel body in particular, one of the greatest achievements in modern dentistry, especially from the esthetic standpoint. "When properly and judiciously manipulated," he says, "this material enables the dentist to improve teeth, hitherto disfigured by gold or cement, to an almost incredible extent by restoring contour, color, and by imitating the natural gloss to perfection. By its means weak walls, which would ordinarily forbid the insertion of gold, may be sustained, and pulps nearly exposed and sensitive to thermal changes be permanently protected. In short, besides the many uses to which the enamel may be put in pivot and bridge-work, and although its preparation

would undoubtedly require some skill and conscientious care, the dentist may, in any case where a good impression can be obtained, perform with it an operation more than satisfactory to his patient as well as to himself. No dentist who cares to do artistic work and wishes to keep in the front ranks of his profession should be without this outfit."

The process used by Doctor Cornwell was perfected about twelve years ago by Dr. C. H. Lance of Detroit. After removing the decayed portion of a tooth, metal foil is burnished into the cavity formed, thereby securing an exact impression. The porcelain material for the filling is then placed therein and subjected for a short time to a heat of over 2,000 degrees, when it assumes perfectly the shape of the tooth structure that is to be replaced. The material (identical in composition to artificial teeth) is virtually indestructible, and at the same time the nearest approach of any known artificial substance to the natural tooth.

Previous to placing in the cavity, the porcelain is coated on the under-side with a special plastic cement which in time becomes stone-like in hardness, and when all moisture is removed from the cavity, this cement is gently



DR. B. C. CORNWELL, A LEADING DENTIST OF ST. PAUL, MINN.

pressed into position and becomes practically a solid portion of the tooth.

In building up lost portions of a tooth, enlarging defective teeth to their normal size and shape, or building up a tooth when nothing but the root remains, or where even a portion of the root below the gum is missing, a modified process of the above is used.

It is undoubtedly true that thousands of teeth are extracted every year that might have been restored to usefulness and preserved for years by this porcelain process. This statement is peculiarly applicable to teeth that have been filled and refilled with gold so often that they have finally reached a stage when gold can do no more for them. Time was, perhaps, when dentists were employed chiefly in helping one to get rid of one's teeth; but now it is the aim and mission of the most expert and reputable dentists to save one's natural teeth. It is useless to say or to think that artificial teeth can ever serve the purpose of teeth placed in one's jaws by the Creator. They are far better than no teeth, but they can never take rank with the natural ones. A person should go to a dentist, at least once every year, and let him

examine his teeth thoroughly and treat them according to their evident need. If this were done in youth-time, and continued, whenever needed, when men and women arrive at maturity, good, sound teeth would go down with them to the grave.

"Yes," some very practical man may observe; "but suppose a man's tooth aches, and aches, and is actually decayed and worthless—do you mean to say that the aching can be stopped, the decay arrested, and the tooth be restored to practical usefulness by this porcelain process?"

That is it exactly. The great majority of all such teeth can be saved. The cheap dentist will tell you to have it out; but the real dentist—the man who knows his duty as well as his profession, will tell you to let him fill it and build it up with porcelain enamel—the best and most serviceable material used in dental surgery. But Doctor Cornwell will not tell you that it is the only material employed by him in filling teeth. He will study each case on its individual merits, and use that material, be it gold, amalgam, or porcelain, which seems best adapted to its needs. His elegant offices at 410-412 Chamber of Commerce Building, at the corner of Sixth and Robert streets, opposite the Ryan Hotel, are equipped with every improved facility for the practice of his profession, from the making of perfectly natural porcelain sets to the preservation of those teeth that need skillful treatment.

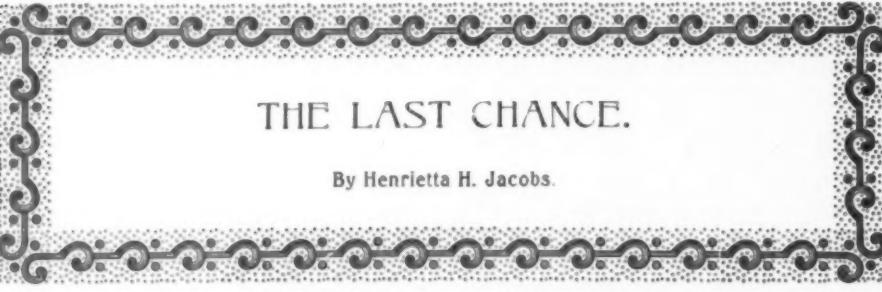
STARTLING POSSIBILITIES.

A special correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, who has been traveling through the Pacific Northwest, presents some suggestions in that paper which are startling.

"Oregon alone," says this writer, "if as thickly populated as Germany, would contain 22,000,000 people; as France, 18,000,000; as Denmark, 12,000,000; and as Belgium, 40,000,000. When the State is as well filled up as Illinois, it will have 8,000,000 people; as Pennsylvania, 12,000,000 people; as Massachusetts, 28,000,000. The six New England States, with substantially no minerals except marble and building-stones, with not the best agricultural lands, with forests almost swept away, and general resources worn by 200 years of cultivation, support nearly 5,000,000 people on about 67,000 square miles of territory. Washington alone has 69,000 square miles, and Oregon 96,000."

It is probable almost to the point of certainty, adds the *Spokesman-Review*, of Spokane, Wash., that the next quarter-century will bring astonishing growth to this section and its cities. Younger arrivals are wont to lament that the opportunities presented to the pioneers who came here twenty, thirty, or forty years ago are not now spread before them. In truth, opportunities are now spread before the present population which excel those presented to the pioneers. Who could foresee, twenty years ago, that Seattle, Tacoma, and Spokane would be the commercial centers of this State? The railroads had yet to come, and until they did come and build up transportation centers, one point on Puget Sound, and one point in this vast inland empire, was nearly as likely to be the future metropolis as another.

It is different now. The railroad and commercial centers are made, and they will not be disturbed. Their growth is certain. One may buy city property in either of these places with every assurance of great reward. Twenty years ago it was a gamble; today it becomes a safe investment; and twenty-five years hence all conditions will be so enhanced that real property of every description will have trebled in productive and therefore in actual value.



THE LAST CHANCE.

By Henrietta H. Jacobs.

Tales of the Yukon, fabulous and enticing, had awakened in men that ever ready desire for gold. The fever was on; they must dig. Those who were not mad enough to go, yet felt the madness to such an extent that they saw in every prospect-hole, long ago abandoned though it might be, the possibility of fortune.

"The Last Chance" was an old mine, one of a group among the mountains overlooking the Bitter Root Country in Montana. Mining was done in the vicinity for both gold and silver; and on a sort of table-land below The Last Chance, was what for a time was called Cleaveland's Deserted Village.

In the old days (there are always "old days" to mines, villages, and all things) it had been a populated place. Spain, Bohemia, Italy, China, Hungary, Ireland, and America had their representatives in this cosmopolis. But time, as it will do, had led them all far away and had left the place to birds, wild beasts, hunted refugees, and strayed cattle. And now time had brought about another change, and the village began to be repopulated and to assume evidences of new prosperity.

These new inhabitants came to dig. Old leads were followed up, and new trails were broken through the most forbidding of the mountain passes. Prospectors of all sorts and conditions made the village their temporary home. One man did a thriving business in a three-room boarding-cabin, which was also a non-commissioned post-office, the landlord's son making a weekly trip to the nearest town, on a stout little cayuse, and returning with the mail strapped across his shoulder in a game-bag. News of the village reached the press from time to time, and some of the mines were making good reports, among them being The Last Chance.

When the season of the severest weather approached, the number of prospectors dwindled perceptibly. Many gave up the pursuit of gold, choosing to wait until spring, and there were no new arrivals to fill their places. It was with considerable surprise, therefore, that the landlord of the unnamed hostelry saw a stranger struggling up the trail one day. At the very first glance he pursed his lips and murmured—"Tenderfoot!"

The landlord had been about the world, somewhat, and often saw in men's faces more than it was well for them he should see. He stood outside his cabin and studied the stranger as he approached. There was a glare of sunlight, thrown back from the snow above, full upon the traveler's face and garments, the latter being shabby and ill-suited to the place and weather. The strong light rested on his beard, face, and eyes with a sort of glorious mockery—as if it recognized in him a poor, fragile bit of humanity that had ventured into the mountains in a vain search for a hiding-place.

The thoughts that ranged in the landlord's mind, however, were after this order:

"Yes; tenderfoot—speculator—bad luck."

With him, "bad luck" had a sinister meaning; it was synonymous with crime—it described a fugitive from justice; and "specula-

tion," in his analytical mind, was not an innocent process that need have no fear of the law.

The stranger was so much exhausted when he reached the level of the cabin that he could not speak, but stood breathless and panting, catching hold of a pine shrub for support. The landlord, who was smoking a short black pipe, which he did not remove from his mouth, grunted a sort of welcome, to which the stranger replied with a greeting as brief. When he had partially recovered from his exertions, he told the landlord that his name was Joslyn, that he was a prospector, that he had concluded to do nothing further until the weather broke up in the spring, and that he would like to stop with him if he could be accommodated.

"Queer sort," and "lie," the boniface thought as he removed his pipe from between his stained teeth. But it was something of a recommendation when he dubbed a man "queer"—it had some connection with conscience, and with other unknown quantities; so it was not difficult for the two to make terms, and the stranger was soon domiciled in the cabin.

A few days after his arrival, Joslyn made his way up to The Last Chance. There was not much doing at the mine. Two of the men had gone to the assayer with ore, and the other men were idling about—too anxious for news from the assay to devote themselves to work. Inside one of the cabins two women were at work. The elder woman moved about silently, doing work which was plainly distasteful to her.

She was a typical English woman of the middle class. Her face was troubled and saddened—one saw this at the first glance, which told of her dislike for camp-life. The table swung from the cabin wall. On one side of the room were the shelves where she stowed away the pans and cups, and the nails upon which she must hang her skillet and kettle—side by side with powder-horns, game-bags, smoked fish, bacon, hooks, straps, and knives. Bunks swung from the wall, also. Camp-stools completed the furnishings, which were certainly sufficiently primitive, whether they represented anything else or not.

These things wore upon and fretted the spirit of the housewife. She would have asked so little—a quiet domestic life—some chinamen—clean kitchen. Her mother had possessed these things, and she had looked upon them as a woman's birthright; but they were not hers.

Here was her daughter, too,—this was one of her deeper sorrows,—growing to womanhood and learning nothing of what, in her opinion, womanhood should teach. The girl could hunt, and fish, and climb; she could utter a few Spanish oaths, learned from an old placer-miner near them; she could ride, sing—as a bird does, by nature; she could dress fish and game, and cook them, camp fashion; and, worst of all, she was happy doing these things, radiantly happy.

Since her childhood, they had known no settled home. They had gone from one mining-camp to another, now and then spending an interval in some town, but adopting no more civilized mode of living than when in the

mountain cabin; for Michael Harris, the English woman's husband, abhorred the very things which she loved, and took delight in those things which were intolerable to her.

Strangely enough, the two never quarreled. The woman possessed forbearance almost to stoicism, while the man was light-hearted and blessed with unfailing good nature; and because of these qualities, they were spared the pitiful wrangles which their ill-sorted natures must otherwise have brought about. Fortune had never favored them. To the man and his child this was a mere trifle, but to the woman it was a heavy sorrow.

He was, however, an expert miner, a thorough mountaineer, and a good comrade, qualities which made him a great favorite in the camp.

* * *

The men about the mouth of the mine had ceased laboring and were watching Joslyn's approach. They agreed with the landlord so far as to dub him "tenderfoot" and "queer," but they were accustomed to taking things and men as they found them, and they made no attempt to pry into his secrets—if he had any.

He came often, after this, and made friends not only with the men but with both women. The older woman found in him a sympathetic listener, a confidant who understood as none other had ever done before. She never thought of his age—whether he were older or younger than herself; his personality was stronger than time. In better days he had been a man "who was all things to all men," and he possessed for these people an indefinable charm. He would sit in the cabin for hours, his head resting wearily against the rough wall, seeming to watch the women at their work.

The younger woman never sang, now, unless he asked for a song. She stayed much more indoors; and, what was stranger yet, she often sat by her mother's side and tried to learn to sew—albeit with awkward grace, and wounded fingers, and aching limbs. Her mother, of course, was glad. The girl would grow to be like her, after all; it was heredity awaking within her, nothing more. But the father, missing her companionship, thought there was something more in the girl's new mood, and he determined to look into Joslyn's history.

It was just at this period that a fearful disaster occurred at the mine. There had been a few days of warmer weather, and the heavy mass of snow and ice which lay above the tunnel loosened and came crashing down like an avalanche—amounting to almost a snowslide. This happened about noon, while the men were nearly all outside. At first there was considerable difference of opinion relative to going on with the work, but after waiting a short time and making some investigation, it was decided that there was no danger, and the men went down into the mine as usual.

Some of them said afterwards that it seemed to them, looking on as they were, that Harris deliberately went to his death. He had thrown down his pick and had started to leave the mine, but scarcely ten paces had been taken by him when, with a deafening sound, the rocky walls closed in upon him. The other poor lads were imprisoned all night and all the following day. Harris was brought out first, and lay in his cabin until his comrades were released. He was crushed past all recognition—this gay, good fellow, so silent now; and when, at sunset, they dug a grave,—it was sorrier digging than they were wont to do,—and buried him from sight, it was to a sad and desolate home that his loving wife and child returned—the widow almost crazed, the daughter strangely calm and self-possessed.

Days passed before work was resumed at the

mine. There was a feeling of discouragement among the miners, and much talk of abandoning the mine. It was now that Joslyn came forward. He had very little money, but he had, what was sadly needed just then, an amount of energy and ambition which, coming as it did from so unexpected a source, aroused the men to new activity.

It was from Mrs. Harris that he had received his inspiration. He had spoken to her kindly and gently of her loss, and of her plans and wishes. She told him that she had worked and waited all these years in order that she might save enough to go home. Home meant England, and "her man" had promised her that out of The Last Chance should come that home journey. But, somehow, the savings had to go, and she knew of no other way than to go down into the town and get work. Then Joslyn had asked her to stay—she and the girl—and keep the cabin for him; and he promised her that The Last Chance should yet take them all home.

From the taking of that resolution, Joslyn was a changed man. Mrs. Harris did not know what his "home-going" meant, but she did know—for she had finally come to see that her girl's thoughts were all with him—that there was no harm to come to the child through this man who sought to cheer and to help her. He might have been her father, or her brother, so patient, so kind, so resourceful was he in the days that followed.

* * *

The Last Chance mine was talked of everywhere. Shares were sold and resold, rising con-

tinually in value, and being more and more in demand. Mrs. Harris dreamed of seeing the spring come in England again, and her girl had grown to be a quiet, gentle-voiced woman.

Joslyn was said to be a rich man; but the landlord looked on and shook his head, as he did when Joslyn first came to the camp. A queer sort he had been then, and queer he had remained ever since. Thus it was that he was quite ready, early in the winter when a party of men came up the trail, to point Joslyn out to them.

"He's the fellow you're after, I reckon. Queer sort, I guess."

Joslyn was in no way startled by their coming. He made a few hurried preparations, said some words to Mrs. Harris, looked at the girl, then told them he was ready to go.

It was the girl, now, who seemed lost to reason. Her grief was pitiful. In it was reflected all the deep love which she had come to know and to feel for the man who had entered her barren life and blessed it. No matter what he was to the world, to her he was the embodiment of manly strength and honor. She was not cultured, but she was unflinchingly loyal and utterly sincere in heart and brain. With such a nature, it can easily be understood that it took all her mother's strength to keep her from following the departing friend.

Only once did he look back—just once, as he went down the trail; and as he looked he murmured to himself, so low that none but God might hear him:

"Yes, yes; it was truly 'the last chance!' A little more time and I would have been pre-

pared for this going back—I could have restored every dollar."

So he went away, and very much the same as ever did time pass in the camp, until Mrs. Harris and her daughter went back to England. The mother, doubtless, was happy as one could be under so recent an affliction, but the girl was so changed that her old friends would not have recognized her. Although Joslyn had been able to make a comfortable provision for them, the daughter preferred to work and earn her own living. She was unemotional, tireless, methodical, and thus it was that she became almost invaluable to her employers. Neither of them ever really understood Joslyn's dilemma. It was something about a large sum of money—that much they knew, and that was all they knew.

The village landlord, however, was of a more curious and determined nature. He watched the papers closely, and it was not long before he gathered from them that "Joslyn" was an alias and that the man who bore it was the perpetrator of a gigantic fraud, for which he had been taken back to suffer the penalties of the law. There were long sketches of his life. He had been high in the world, had stood well with it, and he might have achieved greater honors had it not been for one mad step, which proved his undoing. Good at heart, and ashamed of his sin, he had sought refuge in the mountains with the honest intention of amassing sufficient wealth to pay off his obligations and thus rehabilitate himself in the eyes of those who had once trusted him. But "The Last Chance" opportunity came too late. He had



"Days passed before work was resumed at the mine. There was a feeling of discouragement among the men, and much talk of abandoning the mine."

done well—he could pay back a good deal that he owed, but he did not have enough to satisfy all demands. The fight was over. The rest of his debt to society must be paid within the walls of a prison.

"Aye, aye!" the landlord nodded, as he read the papers. "He was a queer sort, he was, and I knew it. I've seen lots of 'em out here in these hills, and they can't fool me a bit. Tenderfoot, speculator, or queer sort, I know 'em every time."

But the men at the mine were made of different material. They recalled how Joslyn had toiled hard and honestly for the helpless wife and child that Harris had left; how willingly he had done his share of all that had to be done; and how, when there was risk, he took it, and when there was privation, he bore it. These things stood out in bold relief against what he had done far from them in the East, and the men who worked The Last Chance gave Joslyn full credit for them. And it may be, too, that what this man did up there in the mountains made some showing upon the record books of another court, over which we mortals have no jurisdiction. Who knows?

FARM ENTERPRISE IN NORTH DAKOTA.

R. S. Lewis, whose farm lies six miles south of Buffalo, N. D., says a correspondent of this magazine, may well be considered a successful farmer, and one who takes a natural pride in his success. His farm of 5,000 acres is entirely under cultivation, and this year he had 3,000 acres of wheat, 800 acres in other grains, and 1,000 acres lying fallow.

From this year's crop of 72,000 bushels of grain, no sales had been made up to September 20. Last year he sold 40,000 bushels of wheat at \$1.10, and in 1895 his big ranch yielded 100,000 bushels of small grains.

During the working season he employs about thirty men, and during harvesting about fifty, boarding all employees. This year good day labor cost him \$1.50 per day. Twenty three-horse harvesters and sixteen five-horse plows are required to do this work.

He keeps about 300 head of stock, but is going to work more into this branch of farming. Just now he is introducing brown Swiss cattle; he thinks they excel in beef and milking qualities, and that they mature younger than other grades. A brown Swiss at two years is in the same condition for market as the ordinary three-year-old. In December, 1897, he sold nine steers from his farm, averaging 1,250 pounds each, for \$70 a head.

A small village of farm buildings are necessary for this enterprise, as every animal is housed, every machine sheltered. One barn is 360 feet long; another holds eighty head of horses. There is elevator capacity for 40,000 bushels of grain. He has a blacksmith-shop, a steam feed-grinder, a large private residence, and buildings wherein his help live. Mr. Lewis was formerly connected with the Red River Bank, of Fargo. He is a man of slender build, and is not yet forty years of age.

FOREST FIRES DESTRUCTIVE TO BIRDS.—Great forest fires in Northern Minnesota and in Wisconsin have proved fatal to countless numbers of birds. They have been seen in large numbers on Lake Superior, and the steamer Yukon arrived at Duluth with six hawks in the rigging. The birds were too exhausted to fly further, and had apparently settled on the vessel to escape drowning in the lake. Vesselmen report having seen hundreds of birds in the water. In many cases the birds floating on the water would attempt to rise when they saw the passing vessel, in order to fly to it for security.

CLIMBING A MONTANA SNOW MOUNTAIN.

By G. Ulbricht.

We had come from Red Lodge, Montana, the day before, and had spent the night in Major Armstrong's tent. We started early in the morning, when the dew was still thick upon the ground. We rowed in the major's light and graceful boat across the beautiful Rosebud Lake to its southern shore. The dew from the grass and dense underbrush through which our trail led gave us a thorough wetting, so that it was hardly worth while to take off our shoes when coming to the first crossing of the river; nevertheless, we did so. But, oh, how chilly was the water, which found its source in the snow-banks a few miles above in the mountains! Unaccustomed as I was to walking with bare feet, I felt a peculiar sensation in going through the ice-cold water over the smooth pebbles polished by the rapid stream. After a while we had to ford the same brook again, following the "blazed" horse-trail to Cooke City. The road had not been used for a long time, and much fallen timber barred our way. No wonder, therefore, that by going around the obstructions we often lost the trail in the midst of a thicket or in a sea of boulders.

The road runs along the Rosebud and passes close to the waterfall, whose roaring is heard from a great distance, and whose wild beauty lends a charming variation to the romantic scene. On both sides of the river there are high and precipitous granite mountains, mostly innocent of vegetation, whose tops and crevices are blanketed with snow. Riders following this trail need to be good horsemen; for the road leads over many a breakneck rock and steep and slippery ground, whose base is the stony river bed, with its madly rushing waters. I particularly remember one huge boulder wedged in between the mountainside and a waterfall, and sloping at an angle of twenty degrees. With its smooth and shining surface I was almost afraid to crawl over it, and shuddered at the idea of passing it on horseback.

We continued the trail—after meeting two water-snakes, one of which we dispatched—until we reached the first east branch of the river, which we concluded to follow to its source in the mountain above. From now on all road or trail ceased; we had to be our own pathfinders. It was a difficult undertaking to make our way over these steep foothills, through thick underbrush, by and around fallen timber, over huge and slippery boulders, and over dry and slippery pine straw, until we reached a clearing—the end of vegetation, and the entrance to a stony canyon. Our exertions, however, were rewarded by many interesting sights. We passed by rapids and waterfalls, by natural caverns formed by gigantic rocks, which had embraced one another in their mad rush downward. Climbing, jumping, and crawling, sometimes on all fours, we had many an exciting passage. Once we had to crawl under two immense rocks which had, roof-like, become placed over the stream, the turbulent water dashing between our feet. A misstep would have been fatal.

When the timber-line was reached, a new obstacle presented itself. The canyon was very narrow at this point. To the south there was the stream, almost impossible to cross; and on the other bank a steep mountain wall reared its ridge against the sky. To the north another perpendicular wall rose up several hundred feet. There was only a narrow passage between, and this was filled with shale chipped from the mountain wall. Our way lay over these rolling, gliding, and slippery rocks. Frequently, when we had reached a point, we were sent down a

distance to try the ascent over again. Only by holding onto the wall with our hands, by embracing an occasional boulder, by jumping and crawling and following the track of wild beasts, presumably grizzlies, did we finally succeed in putting this arduous half-mile behind us.

Our efforts were rewarded by a glorious view of the surrounding country from the eminence reached. We looked down into the river canyon upon the beautiful Rosebud Lake, surrounded by its high and steep mountains. Major Armstrong's cottage, stables, and tent were clearly visible, as was also the smaller lake to the south. Interesting glimpses could be had of many canyons, and of wild and weird views upon high and ragged mountains of naked rocks. The major had come to this point in a former attempt to reach the snow, when his companions had surrendered some distance below.

Here we perceived that our exertions had only commenced, for a huge mass of broken rocks was towering before us, some of gigantic proportions. Large bodies of rocks are added to this conglomeration every spring, when the warm weather melts ice and snow and separates them from the parent mountain. We had to make frequent stops in ascending, in order to rest, drink, and to catch breath. The altitude affected us considerably.

After overcoming this difficult stretch, we came upon another patch of luxuriant vegetation, where we found blueberries, just in their prime, of which we partook freely. Onward we pushed, through pine and cedar trees, until we got to a spot well deserving its name of "cradle of thunderstorms," for here the people below see many a thunderstorm born, rage, and exhaust itself. All around us were trees with scarred trunks and shattered branches which had been struck by lightning. A little above we were delighted to find a beautiful green plateau, with a graceful little lake in its center, whose water had a pretty light-green color, and was apparently very deep. From here we could see the snow in a large bank behind a steep and rocky hill. In order to gain additional strength, we rested and lunched. Seldom has food tasted better to me; I picked up every crumb. Here we found a large flint stone, which would have been a precious find for a red man, who, however, seldom visits such high regions, as the major informed me, and he knows all about the Indian, because of his long service as U. S. Reservation Agent.

Great was our astonishment when we discovered another lake some 300 to 400 feet above the first one, of about the same size and shape, but containing many shoals and sand-bars. From this lake to the snow was but a little climb, and we soon had the pleasure of putting our hands in the frozen vapor and of snowballing each other on the 24th day of August, when a hot wave was going over the country striking people down by the score.

Not having an aneroid, we could not ascertain the altitude, but supposed it to be from 10,000 to 11,000 feet, by the existence of eternal snow. I learned later that a few days after our ascent this region was the scene of a violent snow-storm, accompanied by a blizzard-like wind. We regretted that we had not come prepared to spend the night, for the surroundings were so interesting, and the air was so pure, and light, and refreshing. Before us was a steep, rocky mountain-wall lifting its head over 500 feet high, behind which there seemed to be a basin into which dipped a huge snow

mountain with glacier indications. The topography of the country was such that we concluded from it the existence of a very large lake. Though very anxious to verify our deduction and to do some further prospecting and exploring, we needed all our failing strength for our descent, and therefore reluctantly took the downward road.

The vegetation around the snow lakes was profuse and beautiful in the extreme. In the path of the receding snow, grass, moss, and flowers sprang up everywhere. At the very edge of the snow the flora of the earliest spring greeted our eyes. A little below, summer flowers were garbed in their prettiest dress; and still further down, but within reach of our vision, the tints of fall were already decorating the ground. Thus we had all four seasons crowded in a narrow belt. Bees and wasps, flies and gnats, swarmed through the air. Nor were the feathered denizens of the woods and fields wanting. The early visitors of the valleys below mixed with the hardier birds which

stay all the year round, from the tiny wren to the kingly eagle. Butterflies of all sizes and shades enlivened the pretty scene, upon which, perhaps, no human eye had ever looked before. Tracks of wild beasts, cervine and fur-bearing animals, could easily be made out in many places, cast-off antlers of elks being especially numerous. As yet, this seems to be a hunter's paradise. No wonder we regretted the necessity of leaving it so soon!

After picking a bouquet of flowers, which, though often watered, withered before our reaching home, we started on our return trip. We revisited all places of special interest and beauty. We again admired the many waterfalls and rapids of the mountain stream, and reveled in the beautiful, ever-changing panorama before us. The shale-rock section was for me the easiest part of our home journey. I simply sat and glided down, much to the detriment of my pantaloons; but that is another story. At the bottom of the slippery, narrow canyon the major struck out in a northerly

direction, in which we reached the blazed trail by an easy descent. In spite of our watchfulness, however, we twice lost the road, and only found it again after much groping in the underbrush and over fallen timber, taxing our exhausted strength to the utmost. My companion was so tired that he did not care to take off his boots when fording the stream, and we were glad enough when the familiar shores of the Rosebud Lake hove in sight. More fatigued travelers seldom sought the shelter of their airy tent.

THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AMERICA.

It seems to be a well authenticated fact that the highest mountain in America, towering into the Arctic sky more than 20,000 feet, was discovered over two years ago by W. A. Dickey of Seattle, Washington, and a young man named Monks of Boston.

It was in the spring of 1896, states the Seattle *Times*, that Dickey and Monks started from Seattle for an Alaskan prospecting trip. They were hunting for gold, and paid little attention to the mountains, although both were experienced climbers. From Cook Inlet they pushed up the Shushitna River. Mile after mile they pulled or pushed their boat through the swift, treacherous stream, and on reaching impassable obstacles the boat was abandoned.

Then they pushed forward with packs on their backs. The Indians of the Upper Shushitna Valley had never seen a white man, and had only heard of him through faint tribal traditions. They felt the faces of the intrepid young gold-hunters, and treated them as gods. They showed them their big mountain, the heart of more than one interesting Indian tradition. Dickey and Monks could find no gold, so their interest again turned to mountains.

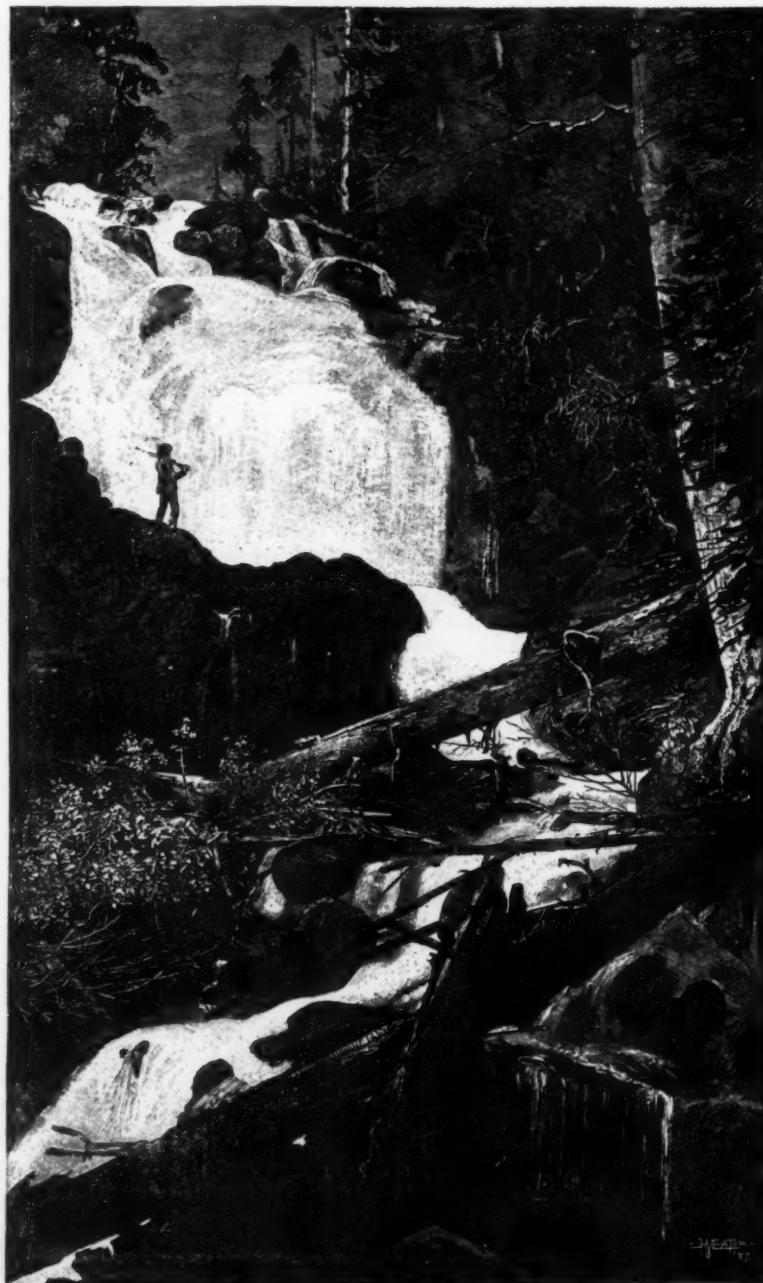
Both young men had climbed Mount Rainier, so it was only natural that a desire to be near the highest of all the high peaks on the Alaskan Coast should possess them. They climbed the foothills, and their glass showed them that even the crest of the foothills was higher than Mount Rainier, in spite of its great elevation. The peak loomed up for thousands of feet above them. They figured as closely as they could, and decided that the peak could not be less than 20,000 feet in height. It presented a rugged face that defied ascent. Great cliffs seemed hardly to present a foot-hold. Traces of the green ice of glaciers showed through the snow in places. They turned back.

Coming down the Shushitna they ran many risks, shooting terrible rapids and narrowly escaping being wrecked on sunken rocks. They returned to Seattle, where they learned that McKinley had just been nominated for President. Dickey said:

"The Indians call their great mountain 'Bulshaia,' but I will name it 'Mount McKinley.'"

The more recent discovery by the Eldridge Geological Survey party simply proves that Dickey was right in his belief that the mountain was the highest in America, over 20,000 feet. The fact that the mountain was investigated by a Government party is of itself of considerable importance, but in view of the history herein recited the Eldridge party can hardly lay claim to whatever credit attaches to a first discovery.

AN INTERESTING GEOGRAPHY.—An old geography published in 1839, in which the map of the United States shows that Montana, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Colorado, Idaho and other Northwestern States is included within one set of boundary lines known as "Missouri Territory," is in the possession of a resident of Sun River, Montana.



CLIMBING A SNOW MOUNTAIN IN MONTANA.

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FACES.

There's a face that oft I'm seeing
When the month is young and gay:
On the dollar's pleasant surface
Smiles a face that seems to say—
"I am with you, pray be happy,
Life is sweet and youth will fade;"
And I listen to the counsels
Till I see no more the maid.

There's a face that oft I'm seeing
When the month is somewhat old,
'Tis an Indian warrior haughty
On a cent, I then behold;
And he offers no inducements
To be happy unto me,
And I miss the maid's bright glances
On my humble currency.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

St. Paul, Minn.

Making a Montana Freak.

The *Prison Mirror*, published in the penitentiary at Stillwater, Minn., says that a Montana editor in the cattle country regrets the fact that the foreman got a social item relating to the departure of a young lady visitor from St. Paul mixed up with an stray notice from the Two-bar X ranch. It read as follows:

"The departure of Miss H—— from our midst is generally regretted. She was branded HIX on the right hip, had one ear slit and two white front feet, and was unshod. A liberal reward will be paid for her return."

A vigilance committee is camping on the trail of the foreman.

A Matter of Record.

"Speaking of a husband maintaining discipline in the family reminds me of the old phonograph story," said the insurance man.

"What was that?"

"When he sat down to breakfast, after a late night out, he remarked:

"Maria, did I not mention to you last night that it was desirable to retrench in our domestic expenditures?"

"I don't recollect it, John," said she. "Turn on the phonograph, and let's hear."

"They turned it on, but all it repeated was, 'Whaz ze mazzer, whaz ze mazzer, whaz ze mazzer?'" —Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman-Review*.

There was a Woman in It.

A man sat near the door of a crowded Selby Avenue car during the storm on a recent Sunday evening. Every person that got into the car all the way up Fourth Street, stepped on the foot of the man near the door, and he swore fervently and tried to smile acceptance of apologies until he was tired. On upper Third Street a woman stood up, threw her weight onto the one foot that she placed carefully on the foot of the suffering man, and shook her umbrella at the conductor.

"Pleasant Avenue!" yelled the conductor.

"Yes, isn't it?" shouted the man who had been stepped on, pulling his foot away. "It's a Pleasant Avenue and a pleasant evening, and I'd like to break your dogdasted face!"

Then he jumped off the car, and fell in a pool of water.—*St. Paul Globe*.

Grim Retrospective Humor.

It was in the following manner that Editor Shelby Eli Dillard unburdened his soul in a recent issue of the Castle (Mont.) *Whole Truth*:

"The *Whole Truth* is two years old today. It

has been two years of altitudinal pleasure to us, and our heart is percolated with contemplations of future happiness.

"It is a source of consolation to state to the people of the world that we have published *The Whole Truth* in the greatest carbonate camp on earth for seven-hundred and thirty days, and have never asked for public office, nor knocked anybody down, nor have been knocked down ourselves.

"Glory is an excellent thing in its way, but it doesn't pay one's board-bills, nor buy gin for the boys. We have had good luck this year. Have been on intimate terms with the jimmies and shook hands twice with the delirium tremens. We are as gay as a grass widow with love in her bosom and her head full of sweetheartism. We have been the ideal boy of alcoholic circles the past year.

"If the gray matter of our lakey think-tank holds out, we will run a creditable newspaper in Castle one more year; and if we do not meet with brilliant success, we will quit and let some other fool newspaper man try his luck in this camp."

Man.

Man is of a few days and as full of trouble as a drunken barber at a coon-dance. He riseth up in the morning with a song of gladness, and then snarls and growls at everybody all day because his wife asked him for two bits to buy an apron.

He can take a \$9 shotgun and go out and hunt for a whole band of grizzly bears, sixteen miles from the nearest wood-camp, but he can't sit for his picture without feeling as guilty as a sheep thief and knocking his knees together like a hay tedder.

A man can have an eye taken out by a traveling oculist without making a sign; but let some one at home step on his corn, and he will shriek like a stuck pig.

A man can lose all his wealth in a prospect hole without saying a word, even to his wife; but he will roar like an enraged lion if he inadvertently sits down on sticky fly-paper.

A man can go a whole week while out hunting with nothing but straight bacon to eat; but give him a pancake at home with a lump of flour in it, and he will accuse his wife of having been a chef in a section-house, and make more noise than a steam threshing-machine being shown off by its proud owner on Main Street.

A man can stand with the calmness of a stoic while an Indian takes his scalp; but let the barber nip his ear, and he will yell like a dog with a sprinkling-can tied to his tail.

A man can walk forty miles over rocky mountains in search of blue-tail grouse; but ask him to pump some water for the wash, and he is too tired to lift anything but his voice.

A man can figure up just how much the war cost; but has no more idea of the price of a calico dress than a Hottentot.

A man may be as strong as Sandow, but he cannot help his wife carry out a wash-tub without getting a crick in his back and walking lame for a week.

A man can meet a man who threatened to shoot him on sight, without a tremor; but let him play pool until after dinner-time, and then see him tremble in the presence of his wife!

A man can work hard for years, trusting and hoping that the public will rise to an appreciation of his work; but when the hired girl suddenly quits, the ambition of a life is submerged in a flood of overpowering calamity.

A man will work and slave night and day to make a home of his farm, and then let it tumble to weeds in his efforts to get an office so that he can rent a house in town.

A man will stay out all night at lodge with-

out saying a word; but if he has to get up and give the baby a drink, he will complain to everyone of the unbroken rest he has undergone.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

A Touching Review.

Seneca G. Ketchum, the warmest and funniest humorist north of Mars, and editor of the Skagit County *Times*, published at Sedro, attempts to overwhelm us, in reply to a recent mention, by sending us a faultlessly "marked copy" of a Chinese paper published in the sorely afflicted hamlet of San Francisco. As near as we can get to the real name of the paper it is "† * ; ! 1 & j -" which the Melican editor kindly interprets: "The Oriental Chinese Newspaper," War Kee, proprietor. Everything else is in all sorts of funny figures that look like the erstwhile chairs and benches in an old-time convention hall—after the fight. The marked articles aggregate a column wide and six inches long, all in one bunch.

Ten Lights, a yellow-visaged vagabond from one of the salmon canneries, spent some time sorting out the iktas in the paper marked by Ketchum, and says it is a flock of paean signed by a red-headed man with a mellow smile. Further diagnosis showed that the its were soul-thralling couplets mingled under the heading, "Twindeline Twins." One of them relates the mad joy of the poet upon becoming a father—only a few short weeks ago; it blooms thus:

"Quite much a pa in me behold;
To so declare I now make bold."

Nothing could be more touching, if indeed as touch. The flood of 2-line 4-footers that here gambol before the measly Celestial is drenchingly fluent. For instance, consume these, and dream of the blissful hence:

"Oh, aye, there's na much in a name
Unless you bank upon the same.
A gay old rounder is the moon—
And rounder yet he'll be full soon!
Come harken to the warbling fly—
A cunnin little bird, say I.
How busily the breeze tonight
Bobs all around us out of sight!"

These are only a handy bunch of the interpreted. There are oodles more; sometimes a Chinese ikta no bigger than a yearling wart means a whole yard of cute poetry. This interpreter of ours swore on a dead hen that the coming is Ketchum's "Big Pair to a Little Fire:"

"Many well-known people perished in this horrifying fire,
And others less well-known did also then expire."

No wonder that, after such superhuman soaring of an agile and eager soul, the glorious poet should wind up with this bit of true poetic feeling—which looks like a bunch of toothpicks in Chinese print, but is used in good faith, we are assured:

"Of writing verse I never tire,
Although at times I do perspire."

Seneca is a Jim dandy.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Blade*.

Pen Picture of a Tragic Scene.

Rather a tragic scene occurred among a threshing crew that was at work in this neighborhood recently. The man who was hauling water for the engine became careless, and the boss found it necessary to fire him. It seems that the man had never been insured against fire, consequently, when the boss fired him, it was a total loss.

This, together with some other little difficulties, so incensed the water-hauler that he began to talk rather loudly to his employer. He was using a hammer to emphasize his remarks, when a couple of other fellows rushed in to take the hammer away from him. Then

the water man pitched into the three, but the only thing he succeeded in getting out of the whole crowd was a black eye.

After this the water man dropped his grudge against all his enemies excepting the one who put his eye in mourning, and the next day he called around where the threshing crew was at work, with a double-barreled shotgun.

After looking around a spell, he told the boss it would be a great accommodation to him if he would spare him the man who gave him the drab eye, as he would like to use him for a few minutes in a little target practice.

But the man who had donated the eye was in this country for his health, and he thought there was no time like the present for looking after it; so he took his departure, and some other things, and went home.

There was some talk of having the irritated man bound over to keep the peace, but so long as he had that shotgun no one seemed to want to bind him over very hard.

I am a great lover of peace, but when a man loads a two-barreled shotgun with cylinder-teeth and ten-penny nails, and trots around with blood in his eye, I am always willing to forgive anything he may have done; and so far as I am concerned he can go unbound a long, long time.—*Hope (N. D.) Pioneer.*

Death-Song of a Washington Chief.

The following literary gem, according to the Blaine (Wash.) *Journal*, was handed to that paper by a citizen who reported that the manuscript had been found on Point Roberts, in that vicinity, by some of the recent gold-hunters there. It is a speech made to a tribe of Indians by an old chief at some period in the misty past, and it was translated by an antiquarian and an Alaska Indian. It has heretofore been supposed that the native tribes were without a written language, whose only means of communication, other than by speech, consisted in a sort of hieroglyphics or symbols carved on their totem-poles and the like, but the "discovery" at Point Roberts proves this idea to be an error. Here is the speech:

"My People: The continual march of the pale-face towards the Western waters and their encroachments upon our ancient rights and privileges, given us by the Great Spirit, has caused me to make at this time a farewell address. On this occasion I shall abdicate the right of a chief, and surrender to mother earth the crown that has adorned my noble and corrugated brow in many a hard-fought battle. 'Tis with sorrow and a broken heart that I relinquish this treasure. It is made of clam-shells, barnacles, and shot-gold. We will bury it deep in the virgin soil of Old Point Roberts, at the very spot where, amid the acclamations of a thousand warriors, I was proclaimed chief. Perchance at some future day some feather-lunged pale-face will dig it up and shout to the multitude that he has found gold.

"Ah, my people, when this is done, from my wigwam in the clouds you will hear a diabolical and fiendish laugh and frenzied war-whoop that will reverberate through the corridors of that warmer clime, which I shall inhabit, like unto the noise of falling water and the distant murmur of flocks of sea-gulls.

"My countrymen, I am leaving this place, which is hallowed by tender recollections caused by deeds of valor and bloodshed at each pot-latch of our tribe—on account of the coming of the pale-face to this land of occasional sunshine and a damned sight of rain. With all these pale-faces coming in our midst, with broken voice and tearful eye I ask you, my countrymen, where are we at?

"Oh, it brings sorrow to my face to tell you that we must round up our squaws, bundle up

our fish, call the dogs, and journey toward the setting sun. 'Tis told me by Old Chief Seattle that already thirty-three pale-faces and Chinamen from the land of old Confucius have joined hands and are catching salmon that would feed and nourish my people for ten thousand moons, and are putting them in tin bottles, to be carried off to the other pale-faces who live across the mountains towards the rising sun and live on bull-meat and wild grass. I tell you, my people, that when the pale-faces do the bossing and the Chinamen do the work, all the fish that swim in the waters will be landed and my people will go hungry or eat raw dog and cabbage that smell of skunk.

"My people, I am done. When my body is cold and lifeless, wrap it in a gunny-sack, bury me at White Rock, and sing to the Great Spirit a last sad chant over the death of the last chief of the Semiahmoos."

ducks would do the rest, and that he was sure to come home loaded down with trophies, including a beautifully mottled skin, poisoned by the numerous weeds that grow in the duck lakes.

So Mr. Barber started out with two tough old nimrods. The prospective ride in an easy surrey, with a whole soft seat to himself, set him to dreaming that he was a millionaire riding in a palace car and that his former life of swinging customers around on a pivoted chair was only a dim vision of his sleeping hours.

But the dream was suddenly broken. Occupying the only whole seat, he was compelled to share with two dogs, and, as the animals would take repeated water and dust baths, his protests grew louder at each contact with their muddy hides.

Then, after hours of laborious tramping, forced to drink slough water and go to bed on the hard ground between the aforementioned



LAST CATCH OF THE SEASON.

Chorus—"Hi, dere! Look at de kid! Now let de ice freeze over."

A Barber Goes Hunting.

Did you never go duck-hunting, ride in the dust fifteen or twenty miles, tramp over rocks and through sloughs, carry a load of ducks for miles, camp without water to drink, except what you might dip out of a sloppy, muddy slough, and then sleep three-in-a-bed on the ground to fill up vacancies of short cover, with a dog on each side to keep the two outside hunters warm? If you haven't done that as often as once, you have no realization of the pleasures of a sportsman. That is scarcely half the experience one may reap in a single trip of a day and a half.

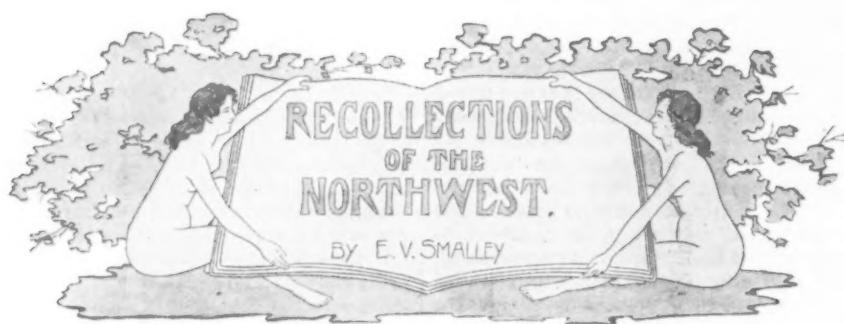
There is a gentlemanly young barber in Wilbur who, a short week ago, was a veritable tenderfoot on the hunting proposition, but he has been initiated. The glossy stories told by numerous enthusiastic hunters of the big bags of game taken, had deluded him into the belief that hunting was a genuine round of pleasure and all that one need to do was to take a position in the middle of a big slough and the

tough hunters, he lay there revolving his body to ease the pain of contact with mother earth—literally revolving, for want of room to turn over—and wondering if his past life had been so bad as to merit such punishment.

As he was just on the point of catching one wink of sleep, a pack of coyotes set up a chorus of yelps and howls, and he passed the greater part of the night looking straight up into the stars, listening to a coyote-dog concert, and straining his eyes in a vain endeavor to catch a view of and a shot at his tormentors.

After another day in the broiling sun, dying of thirst, tortured with blistered feet, a roaring headache and general collapse, Mr. Barber returned—one of the most thoroughly satisfied hunters that ever drew a bead on a deceptive mud-hen.

But he knows the difference now between a mud-hen and a duck, after killing several of the former, and he also fully realizes the difference between fancied pleasures and the genuine article.—*Wilbur (Wash.) Register.*



CHAPTER VI.

When our party left Helena, after a three days' rest, we were much better outfitted than we had been on the first stage of the journey. Ed Stone, who was the land agent of the Northern Pacific, took charge of the matter. He agreed to sell our team and wagon, and provided us with a team accustomed to mountain work, a broad-tired spring-wagon with three seats, and an experienced driver; and we set out early one morning in June to cross the Main Divide of the Rockies and to reach before night, if possible, the town of Deer Lodge, on the western slope of the continent. At first our road led among the huge piles of boulders and gravel which marked the locality of old placer-mining, and then, passing the hot springs where the big Broadwater Hotel now stands, it struck up Greenhorn Gulch, among the foothills. Our driver called our attention to two young cottonwood trees standing by the roadside, on which he said two men had been hanged a few days before by the vigilantes, for burning a barn. I could not learn that they had been given a trial. The mere accusation of the ranchman whose barn had been burned had been sufficient to bring upon them the vengeance of the vigilance committee, who had taken them from their beds at night and strung them up. It seemed to me, on hearing the story, that the vigilance organization—which had been quite a heroic affair in the early days of the Territory, when peaceable people were terrorized by road-agents—had deteriorated into a murderous mob inspired, not so much by love of justice and order, as by a brutal desire to kill somebody. The romance which had appeared in the tales I had heard in Helena from Colonel Sanders and X. Biedler, all vanished in the light of the fact that a farmer and his hired man had been summarily hanged, without judge or jury, to those two saplings. Our driver said that if we came that way next year we would find that the trees would be dead. He could not tell why, but he insisted that everybody in Montana knew that a tree on which a man had been hanged was sure to wither and die. I traveled the same road a year later, and, sure enough, those two cottonwoods were dead! In subsequent journeys in Montana, a number of dead trees were shown me on which the vigilantes had executed their victims.

The ascent of the Main Divide was not at all difficult. The road was good, and it mounted by easy grades through the pine forest, coming out upon an open plateau at the summit, covered with grass and flowers, and flecked with patches of snow. We passed a wagon loaded with household furniture and carrying a woman and children. A cow plodded behind, tied with a rope to the rear axle. The driver was a very old man, who seemed to be past seventy. I hailed him, and asked where he was bound. He replied that he was going to Washington, and added, "I'm going West to grow up with the country." This statement from a man who

had already passed the Psalmist's limit of human life of three score and ten, seemed so funny that we all broke out into a laugh, in which the old pioneer joined heartily.

A little stream headed in the snow-banks on the summit ridge, and the knowledge that its waters, flowing westward, would at last reach the Pacific Ocean, gave us an exhilarating sense of being on the roof of the continent. We felt that the rest of the road would be downhill, and in excess of good spirits we leaped from the wagon and ran on ahead of the team. We soon found, however, that there was hard work ahead; for the road plunged into a dark canyon, where there was scarcely room enough for the track and the brawling creek, and where we were obliged to hang on to the wagon by main force to keep it from sliding down a precipice. We were glad to get out of this dark defile and to come into an open, grassy, foothill country with views of a superb mountain range on the west, surmounted by Mount Powell, one of the highest peaks of the Montana Rockies. Descending steadily hour after hour, we came towards evening into a pleasant little valley where there were ranches here and there on which oats were raised by irrigation, and at sunset we entered the town of Deer Lodge and pulled up before a comfortable-looking brick hotel. The town was regarded as old, in Montana, having been settled for perhaps fifteen years. It had the substantial and orderly look of places that depend upon agriculture for support. There were several brick buildings, the streets were shaded with cottonwoods and balm of Gilead trees, and there were lawns and flowers in front of many of the houses. After an excellent supper at the hotel, we determined to stay a day and get acquainted with the citizens. I found it to be a very interesting community. The rawness of frontier life had worn off, and people had made pleasant homes in which they expected to live the rest of their days. I spent an evening at the home of Capt. J. H. Mills, the editor of the local newspaper, called the *New Northwest*. Captain Mills published so good a weekly newspaper that he had subscribers in all parts of the Territory. Although still a young man, he was an old-timer in Montana, and he was full of interesting information concerning men and nature in this new land. He lived, with his wife and children, in the same building which held his office, but he owned a lot on which he intended to build a house when rich enough, and this lot he and Mrs. Mills had converted into a wonderful flower-garden. We walked out to see this garden, and found there all the old, familiar blooms of the East, which grew to a marvelous perfection of size and color.

Another interesting Deer Lodge citizen was E. L. Bonner, the principal merchant of the town. He was tall and slender and scrupulously well-dressed, and he had such a serious air that strangers took him for a Presbyterian preacher; yet few men had experienced so much of the rough side of frontier life. He made his first

start on the road to fortune by running a ferry across the Kootenai River when there was a stampede of miners going to some reported gold-diggings in British Columbia. Every miner paid a dollar to Bonner to be set over the river, and, as the diggings did not pan out well, the whole crowd came back in a few weeks and the ferryman collected another dollar from every man of them. He thus found himself with a "stake" of several thousand dollars, with which he set up as a merchant.

Bonner told us that we must make the journey from Deer Lodge to the next town, about a hundred miles away, in two days; for there was only one good stopping-place on the road, and that was at a ranch owned by an Irishman named Birmingham. Fifty miles in a wagon was considered rather an easy day's drive in Montana, I learned, so we set out next morning in good spirits, curious to see the new and wild country ahead of us. The road first led down the Deer Lodge Valley, which was fairly well settled with farmers and stockmen, but the stream took another name after its junction with the Little Blackfoot, and, striking into a wilderness, was called the Hell Gate. We passed through a little huddle of rude huts where gold was first mined in Montana. The place was called Pioneer, and some washing of gravel was still going on by grizzled old miners and pig-tailed Chinamen. As we approached the Birmingham ranch, towards evening, our driver constantly spoke of it as "Mother Birmingham's." We were kindly welcomed by the hostess, who proceeded to cook a bountiful supper, and assigned us to good beds, each in a little box of a room. In the days before the railroad was built, everybody in Western Montana knew Mother Birmingham's place, and had pleasant memories of her ham and eggs, coffee, and hot biscuits. The bill of fare was the same at all meals, but the food was good, and it was very welcome to men who had made fifty miles over mountain roads.

Our next day's drive led on down the valley, or rather gorge, of the Hell Gate. The mountains which walled in the gorge became more savage and precipitous, but the road wound about among the pine-trees on the level valley floor, and the only incidents were the occasional meeting of a team, or the crossing of a ferry. The ferries were the private properties of the ranchers living near at hand, and it usually took ten minutes of vigorous hallooing to rouse the ferryman from his house or barn and get him to come over with his boat. The toll was always excessive.

At a ranch-house where we stopped for dinner, relying on the Montana law of hospitality, which forbids the turning away of a stranger, I found in the parlor, while waiting for the meal to be cooked, a volume of poetry with the extraordinary title of "On the Beautiful Banks of the Dirty Devil." The opening poem showed that the Dirty Devil was a creek on which the author was born. The book contained the vilest collection of verses I ever saw. The rhyming was bad, the humor was atrocious, and the sentiment was mawkish and ridiculous. The rancher's wife said that the poet was a peddler from California, who came through the country once a year, and who had paid her in this manner for his entertainment. I coveted the book as a literary curiosity, and succeeded in persuading the hostess to part with it for a dollar and a half, the regular price of the two meals and the lodging which she had furnished the poet.

As we approached Missoula, I first saw the bitter-root plant in bloom. It blossoms before it puts forth any leaves, and the large, rose-colored flower appears to lie upon the bare ground, making a very beautiful appearance

where thousands of them cover the surface of the earth as if strewn from a basket. The flower has no fragrance, and it withers a few minutes after it is plucked. It is attached to a long, pulpy root, of which hogs are very fond. Bitter Root Valley hams have a reputation in Montana for a flavor which they are supposed to get from the hogs feeding on the root of the plant.

Our team was still in good condition when we drove into Missoula at the end of a drive of one hundred and fifty miles from Helena, and we dashed up the business street in good style. Irrigating ditches ran along the gutters and gave life to gardens and orchards, and to the shade-trees which stood along the residence streets. The town had about fifteen hundred people. It lived on the trade of farmers up the neighboring Bitter Root Valley, and on business which came from the military post of Fort Missoula, where a part of the Third Infantry was then stationed. The business buildings were small and mean, and the hotel was thoroughly bad; but the town site was the finest I had seen in Montana. It was a gravelly bench high above the river and looking across a broad valley to the magnificent range of the Bitter Root Mountains, the most western line of the Rockies.

FOUND IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Lafayette Smith arrived home recently from the headquarters of the Nisqually, where he has been at work with his partner, Johnson, to open a road in order to bring out a petrified man discovered by them while prospecting in that vicinity, says the Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger*.

Seen at his home, Mr. Smith reaffirmed the stories of the wonderful discovery, and says there is no doubt in his own mind that the body is that of a trapper or hunter—an old trapper, probably, of the Hudson Bay Co. days.

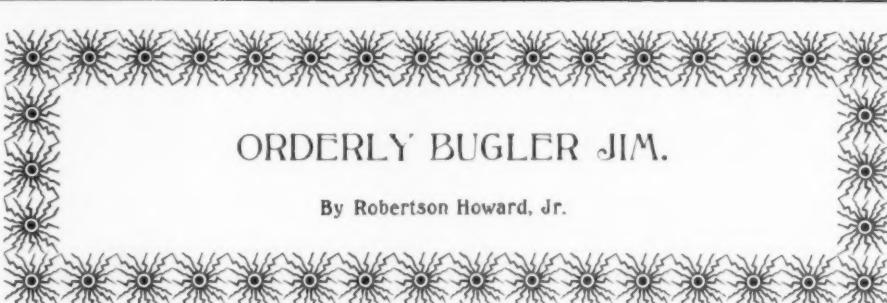
The form is that of a large man weighing 175 pounds, clad in a mackinaw jacket, heavy woolen trousers, and a pair of brogan shoes. There is no sign of any hat or cap, but there is an old gun with a deep coating of rust on the barrel, and a portion of the wooden stock gone to decay. Several rusty beaver-traps lie near the place.

The body is standing up, leaning against a boulder. How it came there must forever remain a mystery; but the form and features, by the action of the elements, have been well preserved and turned to stone.

It weighs about 1,200 pounds, and Mr. Smith says it will be no easy task to bring it out, as the place is wholly inaccessible for a horse. The country abounds in wonderful formations. At one place on the Upper Nisqually they discovered a massive archway as clean cut and perfect as that of any stone arch in the blocks on Pacific Avenue. It was fully ten feet across and twenty feet wide, opening into a dark and extensive cavern, the labyrinths of which they were not prepared to explore.

The Nisqually falls, eighty feet high, form a magnificent sight; and with trails and roads to make the country accessible, the great natural curiosities and formations of the locality will attract widespread attention.

ONE OF THE OLDEST INHABITANTS.—The remains of an ichthyosaurus, one of the prehistoric animals which seem to have inhabited certain parts of the Black Hills, were recently dug out of a hill on a ranch owned by L. I. Hatch, a mile from Piedmont. The bones of the animal were located some time ago, and were for a time under option to the Smithsonian Institute. They are now being unearthed and boxed for Yale College, where they will be mounted in the museum. There will be several tons of bones.



ORDERLY BUGLER JIM.

By Robertson Howard, Jr.

Jim lived in a little cottage on the bluff of the river back of the long row of barracks. His father had died at the battle of the Little Big Horn, fighting bravely to the last. They found him with the little squad that had made the last stand, his scalp gone and three bullet-holes in his chest, and they buried him, with the others, upon the field of their glory. Jim remembered well what a sad day it was at the fort in Kansas when the news came, and how the big garrison flag looked as it flapped at half-mast. It seemed full of significance even to a little fellow like Jim. Once he had been over the battlefield, and had seen his father's grave.

His great ambition was to become a bugler. He was old enough to enlist as one—sixteen years having passed over his head, but he was a weak-looking boy, and people had their doubts as to his being able to stand the hardships of a soldier's life. But when he went before the doctors they declared him to be perfectly sound, and he was taken into the army as a bugler.

He still lived with his mother, although most of the soldiers lived in the barracks. Morning, noon, and night he sounded calls on his bugle, and, being orderly bugler, he made many trips to "officers row" with the colonel's messages.

That summer a large band of Indians took the war-path. It was a very large outbreak, and one day the whole regiment marched away to help put it down.

Jim, however, was left behind. He never knew that his mother had gone to the colonel and with tears begged him not to take her only boy from her, and that the colonel, remembering how she had lost her husband, declared that Jim should stay at the fort. But it hurt his boyish pride to think that he had been left behind with the sick, the feeble, and the women; so he went to F troop's barracks to talk it over with Corporal Low, who had also been left behind.

"It's devilish," said the corporal, "but perhaps it's best that you should be left with your mother, after all. It's nasty business, fighting them red devils. You never know when your scalp's safe." And the corporal pulled up his sleeve and pointed to an old scar on his brawny arm.

"That's what I got down in Texas," he continued, "from a little imp no bigger than yourself. So you see it's much better you were here," he added, convincingly.

Jim thought the matter over seriously.

"Well, perhaps you're right, corporal," he said. "Only, I wish very much that I could have gone."

Then he went away to sound a call, feeling a little more contented. But if he had heard the corporal, the day the men rode away, bitterly cursing his luck, he would never have consented to be consoled by him.

The troops had been in the field about two weeks, when it became necessary to send the colonel some dispatches that had come over the telegraph-wire from headquarters. The country

between the fort and the regiment was supposed to be free of hostiles and perfectly safe; so Jim was selected to carry the dispatches.

Early the next morning he rode out of the fort with a light heart, the dispatches safe in his breast-pocket.

* * *

For three days he rode, sleeping at night on the bare earth, with only his saddle for a pillow, and nothing over him but the bright stars shining so far away in the dark-blue heavens. On the third day after he had left the post, he reached that part of the country where he had been told he would find the regiment.

Toward evening he came to the foothills, with the mountains looming up only a little way beyond. He had ridden hard, that day, and was very tired, so he dismounted to rest. Even though a little fellow, Jim was a good frontiersman, and he led his horse back some distance from the trail and tied him among the thick foliage, and then lay down beside him, flat on his back.

He had rested but a short time, when he heard the patter of unshod hoofs coming down the rocky trail. At first his heart leaped with joy, for he thought it was the regiment. But he recovered himself quickly, peeped cautiously between the leaves, and listened breathlessly. In a moment he saw three naked Indians, in war-paint and eagle-feathers, and astride vicious bronco ponies, come slowly down the trail. He lay perfectly still; no sound betrayed him. The Indians were so intent upon something they were discussing that they never saw the hoofprints of Jim's horse in the dust of the trail.

They were Sioux, and Jim made out, from as much of their talk as he could hear, that the regiment was somewhere near and that they had been watching it for several days. He also heard them say that their own force numbered more warriors than it ever had before—that this very night the regiment would ride into their ambush, and that they would have another big day, like the one they had a few years before on the Little Big Horn River, when they rounded up Long Hair and his five troops of the Seventh, and cut them to pieces. When they had passed from view, he heard a warrior give a war-whoop in an exultant voice.

Then it became terribly clear to Jim that he must do something heroic to save himself and the regiment. He couldn't make up his mind exactly what he should do, but he knew it must be done quickly.

When he had waited until he thought the Indians were well out of the way, he led his horse out into the trail and mounted and rode slowly forward. He whistled bugle-calls under his breath, and talked softly to himself to keep up his courage.

He turned his horse sharply to the west, and began slowly to descend the hill. He was leaning over, unfastening his pistol-bolster, and when he looked up again he saw the three Indians right in front of him. He drove the sharp spurs into his horse's flanks, and in a second he was shooting past the warriors at a furious pace, heading for the base of a big

mountain a mile in his front. But they were after him like a flash, in a desperate attempt to head him off. He braced himself firmly in the stirrups, and ducked his head in expectation of a volley of bullets. But no bullets came, and the Indians only lashed their ponies viciously and redoubled their efforts to head him off.

Jim knew that in a long race his big, gray cavalry horse could beat the Indian ponies, but he expected to be brought down by a bullet any moment, and he felt, somehow, that his life was about to come to an end.

He couldn't make out why the Indians didn't fire on him, he was within such easy aim. Then the real cause of their silence flashed over him. He had heard old troopers tell how, when Indians had laid an ambush and the soldiers were about to enter it, they would sometimes come across a scout, and then they would be compelled to capture him alive or let him escape, as to fire on him would give the men entering the ambush warning. When the full significance of it all came to him, he never hesitated a second, but pulled out his revolver and fired blankly ahead without taking aim, then shook out the reins on the big gray's neck, and jabbed viciously with his spurs. The gray responded with a will, and plunged down the hillside like a runaway locomotive. He saw things flash past, felt the great beast bounding under him, and then heard the bang! bang! bang! of the Indians' opening fire. He leaned over, flattened himself against the gray's neck, and his heart beat wildly with fear and excitement. Then he felt a sharp pain come into his arm; it fell helpless at his side, and he knew that it was broken. He gave vent to an agonized gasp; the tears came into his eyes and ran down his cheeks, but he wiped them off with the sleeve of his uninjured arm. All at once he heard firing somewhere in his front—a few quick shots, then a heavy volley, then hundreds of shots fired rapidly, and he knew it was the regiment getting into action.

Suddenly his horse dashed round the base of a hill, and there, in a little plain before him, he saw the battle raging. The dear old regiment was between him and the Indians, and he knew that he was saved.

* * *

As a lieutenant caught the bridle of the big gray and brought him to a standstill, Jim pitched forward in the saddle, and fainted. But the doctor came quickly, set his broken arm, and brought him to; and after the chase was over, after the last Indian had disappeared over the hills to the west, and the bugles were sounding "recall," the old colonel came and stood by Jim and blessed him for that day's work. He said—and I believe it, although there are some who don't—that he would rather have done what Jim did than wear a star on his shoulder-straps.

When Jim opened his eyes, smiled faintly, and then whimpered a little, the eyes of the officers were wet.

The men used to tell afterward that when, three days later, as the regiment was riding homeward, the colonel offered to send the lad to a good school in the East, Jim, who was riding at his side, looked up a little timidly and said:

"I'd rather stick to the service, sir."

OREGON RELICS.—On exhibition in the house of representatives in Salem, Ore., is an interesting lot of relics. Among them are the dies used in coining the State's first money, known as beaver money, including \$10 and \$5 pieces of the pioneer coins, also weapons used in the Indian wars, and a scalp-lock of a "good" Indian who was engaged in the early Indian wars.

STORY OF THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.

By Austin L. Halstead.

The recent Indian disturbance in the Leech Lake District of Northern Minnesota would hardly be worthy of notice were it not for the facts that several soldiers and an accomplished officer lost their lives therein, and that public interest has been renewed in the history of one of the oldest and most powerful tribes of Indians that ever peopled North America. It was not an uprising of the Chippewas in any sense of the word—no more than a bit of resistance to authority on the part of a class of Chicago workmen could be twisted into a semblance of rebellion on the part of the State of Illinois. The Pillagers, who alone opposed the U. S. Marshal and the Government troops, constitute a small band that has had little or no connection with the main Chippewa family since 1830 or 1832. It was at this time, according to Mr. A. L. Larpenteur of St. Paul, a Territorial pioneer whose dealings with the Indians made them well known to him, that certain braves of the tribe formed the pernicious habit of robbing emigrants and pilfering from isolated settlers. This conduct was as unsatisfactory to the good Indians as it was to the Government, and stern measures were taken to check it. At last the bad Indians, who were called "Pillagers," banded together and withdrew to a region near the famous source of the Father of Waters. Their numbers increased until today there are about a thousand of them—the majority peaceful, the few still vicious.

The Chippewas, or the Ojibways, as they used to be called, are a branch of the great Algonquin family of Indians, which in former times lived in scattered bands on the shores of Lakes Superior and Huron. French explorers found them on the north shore of Lake Huron in 1640, a band of 2,000 or more having been encamped at Sault Ste. Marie. As a race they have been a tall, well-developed, brave and hardy people, fond of war and the chase, and but little given to agriculture. When the French dominated this country the Ojibways were their allies, but during the War of the Revolution they sided with the British. It was not until 1785, 1789, and 1816, that they entered into permanent treaties with the Government of the United States. They left Ohio in 1817. In 1822 there were about 6,000 of them at Saginaw, Mich., and nearly 9,000 along the Lake Superior line from Mackinaw to the Mississippi River. The limits of their vast territory were fixed in 1825. In 1851 their total number had dwindled to 14,000, and the Superior and Michigan branches were generally peaceful, industrious, and fairly well advanced in the ways of civilization.

To study the history of this once proud nation is to become involved in labyrinthine romance. The territory occupied by it was broader than that of any Indian family of which there is any definite knowledge. Its eastern boundary was marked by the waters of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and Hudson's Bay was its northern limit. All this was the "Country of the Ojibways." They dominated the Great Lakes, they ruled the vast forests, they controlled the mighty rivers, and made their villages in the

beautiful valleys. There were great chiefs in those days, and great battles. The Iroquois on the east and the Sioux on the west were at war with the Ojibways continually. Many a bloody strife took place on the shores of Huron—at Saginaw Bay, and at Sagueeng. Those were brave days for these Indians of the lakes and woods—days of conquest and glory, when they bade defiance to every foe, and triumphed in every savage conflict.

Where the Ojibways came from originally may never be known. It seems clear, according to those who have studied the question, that nearly all American Indians first came out of the West. The present Ojibways, or their ancestors, settled in what was then known as Canada West at some period following 1634-35. Not long afterward they found their way down to Lake Huron. Later, in 1642, some of them came to the north shore of Lake Superior, and others had pitched their wigwams in the vicinity of Red and Sandy lakes, in Minnesota. This was the beginning of the long series of wars between the Ojibways and the Sioux Indians, both of which tribes coveted the game and fish of the Superior Country.

According to tradition, a great general council of Indians was once held at some point above the Falls of St. Anthony. When the Ojibways came to this council they wore a peculiar shoe or moccasin, which was gathered on the top from the tip of the toe, and at the ankle. No other Indians wore this style of moccasin, and on account of the peculiarity the wearers thereof were called "Ojibway" Indians, the meaning of which is "gathering." It was at this council that a general distribution or allotment of territory was made, and the part which fell to the Ojibways is said to have been the country surrounding Red Lake, and afterwards Sandy and Leech lakes, in Northern Minnesota. But, although the Ojibways had but little land at first, they soon extended their dominion to the very borders of the snow-clad hills to the north, where they trapped the beaver and hunted the big game of the primeval forests.

Just before the celebrated Pontiac's time, the Ojibways united with the Shawnees in the Lake Erie Country and waged successful war against the Iroquois in Canada West—after which they settled in the Huron Country. An old record of the tribe, to which the writer is indebted for much that appears in this sketch, says that the Ojibways fought their way through the lands of hostile nations from the west end of Lake Superior along the entire lake region. The shores of Superior, Huron, and the River St. Lawrence have often borne witness to the numerous conflicts that have been waged thereon between the old Ojibways and their hereditary foes. In those days the warriors of the tribe dressed in rabbit-skins. Their bows were made of iron-wood or red cedar, and sometimes of well-seasoned hickory. The ends of their arrows were fashioned like spikes, and, prior to their use of iron, all arrow-tips were made of bone or shell. It was not long, however, before they began to obtain guns from the

French, and it was this superior armament which rendered them so overwhelmingly formidable to their red enemies.

War seemed to be the natural state of the old-time American Indian. He resented encroachments upon his hunting-grounds as readily as the ancient Romans waged war against their foes. Nor were these Indian wars of short duration. The Sioux and the Ojibways carried on an almost uninterrupted conflict for several centuries. At first it was for territorial rights; then it became a war of conquest, and finally it developed into a bitter antagonism which was rooted and grounded in a thirst for revenge. From the heights of Lake Superior the Sioux watched with eyes of hatred the movements of the Ojibways; and from the peaked ridges of the North the latter sought to spy out and surprise the alert and aggressive warriors of the plains. In Minnesota, in Wisconsin, and in the immediate vicinity of St. Paul, were fought the desperate battles of these red men. One of the deadliest and most obstinately contested of these engagements took place above St. Anthony Falls, just beyond the great bend. The Ojibway village at Sandy Lake, now in Aitkin County, Minnesota, was twice depopulated; and Crow Wing, now in Crow Wing County, has also been the scene of bloody surprises. Many battles occurred in the vicinity of Leech and Red lakes. All that region between Crow Wing and the Canadian line was wrested from the Sioux by the victorious Ojibways. Among the Leech Lake Indians of today is a chief called Flat Mouth, but eighty-eight years ago there was another chief of the same name whose deeds are far more famous. At one time he gathered a band of 200 braves and fell upon a large party of Sioux at Long Prairie, Minn. The fight raged for hours, and only six Sioux warriors escaped slaughter. It was as late as 1850 that the Sioux of Red Wing, Minn., surprised a sugar-making party of Ojibways on Apple River, in Wisconsin, and killed and scalped every member of it except a boy; and then they went to Stillwater and held a scalp-dance in the streets of the village in celebration of their victory.

The Ojibways are rich in legendary lore. They have their historians—their medicine-men—their story-tellers, and neither legend nor fact is lost as time draws them nearer the spirit world. In the old days, until the introduction of European ways, they were great picture-writers. In many localities in Wisconsin and in Minnesota are still seen the "talking-stones" of the Ojibways, upon which are their rudely-carved, but perfectly intelligible, picture-signs. There are three places where the sacred records of the tribe are deposited—all near the waters of Lake Superior. Ten of the wisest and most venerable Indians of the tribe are chosen to dwell near these records and guard them. Every fifteen years the records are opened. If, at the end of this period, any deaths have occurred in the little band of watchers, others are duly appointed in the following spring, to keep the number intact. Some time in the succeeding August these new men are called to witness the opening of the depositories, and as the ceremony progresses they are formally initiated into all the tribal mysteries. The plates are inspected with great care, and fac similes are made of, and substituted for, all that show signs of decay. These records are written on slate-rock, copper, lead, and sometimes on birch-bark. Upon the plates, it is said, is a transcript of what the Great Spirit gave to the Indians after the Flood, together with certain emblems which reveal the tribe's ancient forms of worship, and the rules governing the dedication of the four priests who alone shall be competent to expound them.

In concluding this brief history of the once powerful Ojibway nation, it is interesting to note that the various branches thereof still inhabit the same vast territory that knew them in the early days. They are no longer lords of the lakes and the forests, it is true, but it remains an uncontested fact that they have not yet been banished from the hunting-grounds which knew them three centuries or more ago.

TRACKED BY A LION.

J. P. Flint, of Los Angeles, Cal., who has been temporarily stationed in this county looking after business interests of the Sun River Sheep Company, had a thrilling experience with a mountain-lion the other day, says the Choteau (Mont.) *Chronicle*. He was a member

camp, about 100 yards distant, where he had left his rifle. The lion followed, in his low, creeping manner.

By this time Flint thought his position was getting rather dangerous, so he decided to run for camp as rapidly as possible. He made a break for liberty, and after taking a few steps turned and looked back. The animal was still following. Flint ran still faster, but did not stop to look back again. On reaching camp safely, he procured his rifle and started in pursuit of his would-be captor, but found that the beast had escaped into the woods.

Parties going into the mountains for recreation should be prepared for such emergencies, as it is claimed that these animals are numerous this year, and for treachery and cuteness they have no equal.



THE OJIBWAY'S GUARD OF THE SACRED RECORDS.

"Ten of the wisest and most venerable Indians of the tribe are chosen to dwell near these records and guard them. Every fifteen years the records are opened, and the plates are inspected with great care."

of a fishing party camped on the south fork of Deep Creek. They had pitched their tent on a hill in the canyon, and one morning, before the rest of the party awoke, Mr. Flint got up and went to the stream to catch a mess of fish for breakfast.

He took nothing but his fishing-rod with him, and when at the bottom of the hill and on the bank of the stream he commenced angling for the speckled beauties. Presently he heard a noise near by, and on looking up discovered a mountain-lion just across the stream from where he stood. Being badly frightened, he did not know what to do at first, but as the lion continued to creep towards him, he commenced to walk backwards in the direction of

A NEIGHBORHOOD BEAR-HUNT.—A bear that had been captured and held prisoner by a Dugald, Manitoba, butcher recently escaped, much to the alarm of an entire neighborhood. As he was a standing menace, a crowd soon started out to kill him. The more venturesome ones received ugly scratches, and each time the bear rose on his hind legs there was a general retreat. The plan finally adopted was to tire him out, and so Bruin was chased around grain-fields until he finally rolled over from exhaustion, and then the work of recapture was comparatively easy. Wild bears are frequently seen in the woods east of Dugald, the animals coming out to the edge for forage. One came as far as a village residence and carried off several hams that were hanging in a shed.

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ST. PAUL, NOVEMBER, 1898.

ACROSS THE BITTER ROOTS.

There is a newspaper report in circulation that the Northern Pacific Company is contemplating the construction of a short line from Missoula across the Bitter Root Mountains and down the Clearwater and Snake rivers, to save two or three hundred miles of distance over its present main line by way of Lake Pend d'Oreille. The route proposed was examined by the earliest surveyors who prospected the country for the best line for the Northern Pacific. It was rejected because of the high grades required for getting over the mountains, and the line down the Pend d'Oreille River and around the lake of that name, was adopted because the latter route has a water-level all the way from a point about twenty miles beyond Missoula.

When a railroad is built in any new region of the far west, there are always a number of wiseacres who keep on asserting that the engineers made a great mistake in their choice of a route, and that a much better line could have been found somewhere else. This is particularly the case where there is a mountain-range to cross. Then a number of old frontiersmen get into the newspapers with assertions that the best pass was not selected, and that if they had been consulted they could have shown the locating engineers a much better pass than the one chosen. These people are known to the engineers as "pass fiends." There are a number of these "fiends" scattered through the country, all the way from Missoula to Walla Walla, who insist that the best line for the Northern Pacific was over the Bitter Roots through the Lo Lo Pass, thence down the Clearwater to the Snake, and down the Snake to the Columbia. A railroad on that line would no doubt open a good deal of mining country above Lewiston, and it would run through a good deal better farming country west of Lewiston than that which the Northern Pacific now traverses west of Spokane; but if the Northern Pacific had originally been built upon that route, the handsome city of Spokane—with its 35,000 people and its mills and factories—would not have come into existence, and all the through freight

of the road, which now comes across Idaho and Western Montana on easy grades, following the valley of a river, would have to be hauled on steep grades over a high mountain-range.

A railroad across the Bitter Roots would be very costly to build and very expensive to operate, and we believe it will be a long time before any road is built on that route. A local line may possibly be built from Lewiston eastward to serve the mining country that lies upon the headwaters of the Clearwater, and in time the gap between its eastern terminus and Missoula may be closed, but that will be far in the future.

A PLEBISCITE ON PROHIBITION.

The Canadian Government has lately made a very novel and remarkable move to determine the question whether a majority of the voters of Canada favor the adoption of a law by the Dominion Parliament which would absolutely prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages. The Government ordered an election to be held throughout the Dominion, and submitted this question to a popular vote. The result was very unexpected. Prohibition carried in every Province, and by considerable majorities; but the vote was so exceedingly light that it appears that only the voters who ardently favor a prohibitory law took the trouble to go to the polls. Those opposed to prohibition stayed away, as if by pre-arrangement. Even in British Columbia, where a very large proportion of the voting population is composed of miners who live in mountain camps and are, like miners everywhere, in the habit of using beer and whisky freely, the Prohibitionists carried the day; and the same thing took place in the French Province of Quebec, where a large majority of the voters follow the custom of their compatriots in France, and make daily use of wine.

Oppositionists claim that the result of the election does not give a warrant to Parliament for the passage of a prohibitory law, because much less than a majority of the total number of voters in the Dominion indorsed prohibition at the polls. Thus it turns out that the election really settled nothing; and it is very doubtful whether the Government now feels disposed to go ahead with its project of a prohibitory law.

In nearly all the Provinces of the Dominion there are strong license laws in force; and in most of them there is also a local-option system. Under the license system, no public bars can be kept open, and liquor is only permitted to be sold in hotels; and a man who wants to establish a hotel must first get the consent of a majority of the householders living within a certain distance from the point where he proposes to keep his tavern. There are a great many other restrictions surrounding the sale of liquors in the Dominion, and it would seem to an outsider as if the legislative power had gone far enough towards mitigating the evils of the use of intoxicating beverages. The question is not a political one in Canada, and neither the Liberal nor the Conservative party has committed itself on one side or the other. It forms, however, a topic of constant local agitation, especially in the old and orderly communities, where very little drunkenness is ever seen. It seems to be the rule in Canada, as well as in the United States, that the opposition to the sale of intoxicating drinks is always the strongest where the consumption of liquor is the lightest, and where the evils of its use are the least apparent. It looks now as if the result of the plebiscite in Canada would be to finally settle in the negative, the question of whether the central government should deal with the liquor evil.

A HINDRANCE TO SETTLEMENT.

Complaints come from the newspapers of Western Washington that settlement and mining development in that section of the State is seriously retarded by the forestry reserves set apart by President Cleveland at the instance of a few professional forest-preservation cranks in the East. These reserves cover large districts of country west of the Cascade Mountains; and in those districts are immense deposits of gold, silver, and copper which would in time develop great mining-camps if prospectors were free to carry on their explorations. An embargo has been placed upon further prospecting and discoveries by the executive order of President Cleveland, which shuts up the country for forest reserves. At the last session of Congress the Senate took action to abolish these reserves, but its joint resolution was killed in the House.

Forest reserves are no doubt a good thing in some portions of the country; but, unfortunately, their boundaries are marked out upon the map by a few scientific enthusiasts who have no personal knowledge of the character of the regions which they embrace. All of Western Washington is an enormous forest of fir, cedar, spruce, and hemlock. The trees are so large, and they grow so close together, that their boughs form a roof through which no sunlight penetrates. Twilight prevails at noon of the sunniest days in the depths of these primeval woods. There is nothing to be apprehended in the way of injurious climatic effects from the thinning out of the trees; in fact, the only way to make the region habitable and serviceable for the uses of mankind is to cut down a considerable portion of the timber. To prevent this by an executive order is a manifest absurdity and a specimen of governmental tyranny. The only important business interests in that great forest region are lumbering and mining; and if these are to be excluded from extensive districts of country, those districts must forever remain in a wilderness condition. The House ought to reconsider its action on the Senate resolution, and adopt it at the approaching session. The resolution has the endorsement of all Congressmen from the Pacific Northwest, and they ought to know, better than the forest-preservation scientists who got the ear of President Cleveland, what is best for the country they represent. The man who cuts down trees on the shores of Puget Sound, or upon the Western slopes of the Cascade Mountains, should be regarded as a public benefactor and not as a public enemy. He lets in the sunlight.

THE QUEBEC CONFERENCE.

The International Conference at Quebec, which has been in session for the past two or three months, is likely to produce a treaty that will settle all the open questions in the relations of the United States and Canada. The conference is made up of able diplomats and publicists from both countries, and its consultations have been characterized by a spirit of friendliness and conciliation on both sides. The important questions at issue are reciprocal trade relations, the transportation rights of Canadian railroads in American territory, sealing in Behring's Sea, the boundary line between Alaska and the Dominion, and the right of American fishermen to land in Newfoundland to cure their fish and buy their bait. There are several minor questions, but this list covers all the main points. Most important of all, no doubt, is reciprocal trade. The people of both countries believe that it would be to their mutual advantage if there could be less restriction on the exchange of their commodities and

manufactures; but this has proven in the past a very difficult matter to adjust, for the reason that trade interests in both countries are exceedingly jealous of new competition. In a general way, the Canadians desire to sell us their agricultural products and lumber without paying duties at our custom-houses, but they hesitate about giving us, in exchange, the privilege to sell our manufactures in their country without paying their protective duties. They have built up many manufacturing industries under a protective system that would suffer from the free competition of our factories.

The Alaska boundary question will prove a serious problem because of the vagueness of the old treaty, which attempted to establish a line through a country scarcely explored and then almost unknown. The Canadians are now very desirous of obtaining a port on the Pacific Coast from which they can reach with mails, troops, and supplies, the country which they own along the Yukon. They have tried to open a route from the east to the new gold regions, but the distance is too long for it to be practicable for commerce or for governmental use. If we concede what they desire, we shall cut in two the little strip of seacoast country which we own in Southern Alaska, and insert between the fragment the wedge of British authority. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce has already entered a vigorous protest against this; and the natural reluctance felt by a powerful nation to the giving up of any portion of its territory, will probably prevent our commissioners from acceding to the Canadian demand. The offer of the Canadians is to exchange the right to pelagic sealing for the little strip of territory which they covet. There must, however, be some agreement made to promptly settle the open question of where the real boundary-line runs between American and Canadian possessions in the far Northwest. That region is now becoming populous, and conflicts of authority constantly arise between the officials of the two countries.

THE METLAKAHTLAN INDIANS.

The Annette Islands, observes the *Colfax (Wash.) Gazette*, comprise one of the little groups along the Alaskan Coast. A number of years ago William Duncan, a missionary, settled there with some Metlakahtlan Indians. There have been found in the Far Northwest tribes of so-called Indians who are of a different race from our red savages, and who have proved themselves capable of civilization. The Metlakahtlans are such a tribe, and they are not the kind of people to discourage.

A few years ago the islands were given to these Indians by the United States for their allotted home. They began under the guidance of Mr. Duncan, and built houses and entered on various industries. They have a church and a schoolhouse, a saw-mill, a fishing-station, a town hall, and, what is much more, a soap factory; and any people that possess and run a soap factory are in a very advanced state of civilization indeed.

These people are mechanics, merchants, and agriculturists, and their place of residence was granted to them by the United States Government. They occupy their land in common. Now some blatant Americans in Congress, with more zeal than sense, want to enter into this Eden and split up the lands and throw them open to settlement.

It is an outrage. The Metlakahtlan are among the best citizens of this country, and should be left alone as long as they live. A system which was the approved one among the early Christians is good enough today—where it has proved its success.



A COMMERCIAL man who traverses North and South Dakota every three months, speaks warmly of the prosperous condition of affairs generally in those States. The crop yield has been fairly good, prices for grain will be above the average for the past four years, and money is so abundant that the banks are crowded with it. A great deal of improvement work has been done by farmers, and marked advancement is noted in nearly all the large and small towns, where building operations and local improvements have been very active. There are some growlers, as a matter of course, but the people as a whole are in that contented frame of mind which characterizes the well-to-do.

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I LUNCHED, one day last month, on an office-table in a Wall Street office, with two remarkable lawyers. One of them is said to have received the largest single fee ever paid to any lawyer in the world; the other has the largest number of clients of any lawyer in the world. The first received \$260,000 for his services in the reorganization of a railroad company; the second is a Paris lawyer who has for his clients the 450,000 French investors in the securities of the old De Lesseps Panama Canal Company. The luncheon was eaten in a hurry in the midst of a busy session on the affairs of the new French company, which has succeeded to all the franchises and effects of the old Panama company, and is now going ahead to complete the canal.

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REFERRING to the paper-mill that will soon be constructed in Manhattan, Mont., the New York *Tribune* says that the material to be used in the manufacture is the white barley-straw grown in the Gallatin Valley, thus utilizing a product of the State which heretofore has gone to waste. The plant will be the only one of its kind in the United States, as at the present time there are no paper-mills in this country converting straw into pulp and paper. There are a few mills of this sort in Russia, and Germany has more than one hundred mills which manufacture pulp and paper from the German barley-straw. The Germans export to this country annually upward of five thousand tons of straw pulp, on which they pay a tariff of \$5 a ton, placing it on the American market at four cents a pound.

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THE big tourist hotel which the Tacoma Land Company commenced building in the boom times on the heights overlooking Tacoma, and on which work was suspended about six years ago, was burned to the ground last month. It was not insured, and the loss to the company is over \$400,000. The hotel was to have cost about a million dollars when finished. In the light of the experience of recent years, its erection looks like an act of inconceivable folly. The old Tacoma Hotel, which is conveniently located near the business center of the city, is large enough to accommodate all the travel that is likely to come to Tacoma for years to come. Seattle set an example for Tacoma in putting up a big and useless hotel, on a fine point of view, which has never been completed.

The rival city immediately followed this lead, and with a more disastrous result; for the Seattle hotel still stands as a monument to the dead hopes of the great speculative epoch, while the big Tacoma hotel is now only a heap of ashes and blackened brick and stone.

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IT is gratifying information which comes to Minnesotans from St. Louis Park, a suburb of Minneapolis. It is there that the State's solitary beet-sugar factory is located, which is now making its first run of Minnesota-grown beets. The result is extremely satisfactory. Some forty-five tons of granulated sugar are being manufactured by the plant daily—sugar which seems to be regarded by local jobbers as fully equal, if not superior, to the best grades of granulated sugar made by the older factories and refineries of the East and West. This means that the State's sugar-beet industry will attain to large proportions and be of immense advantage to farmers particularly and to the people of the commonwealth generally. It means that the capacity of the plant at St. Louis Park will be increased, and that other beet-sugar factories will be established as rapidly as the requirements of the situation justify. The experimental stage passed, it only remains to secure the hearty co-operation of a sufficient number of farmers to keep the big plant running; and as there is a wide margin of profit in the cultivation of sugar beets, it is not likely that any difficulty will be experienced in this direction.

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IT would interest our lawyer readers in the West to see how business is managed by a big New York law firm. I have a friend who is the head of such a firm, and I have had occasion to be a good deal in his office lately. The offices occupy the whole of one of the floors of a large marble building in Wall Street. In the central room, which you enter from the hall, are about a dozen clerks, typewriters, and errand boys. Around this room are ten small offices, each of which has an occupant who is either a member of the firm, or a young lawyer who is employed at a salary. There are four members of the firm, and four juniors who, no doubt, expect to be members some day. The business is distributed by the chief among these assistants, and each has some specialty in the practice of law in which he is particularly strong. The whole establishment hums with activity all day. The chief is occupied in receiving new clients or in hearing the reports of his subordinates and giving directions to them. He rarely goes into court himself, but all briefs and motions are submitted for his revision. I am told that the earnings of this firm in a single year have been as high as \$250,000; yet it is probable that there are lawyers in country towns in Minnesota, whose natural ability is just as great as that possessed by the members of this firm, who do not earn a thousand dollars a year, and who are happy when they get ten dollars as a retaining fee. The great successes at the bar are made in the large cities, where litigation involves very large interests, and where big fees are paid as a matter of course. To make money the lawyer, like the tradesman, must go where money is.

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COL. C. W. MOTT, general emigration agent of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, is very enthusiastic over the future prospects of the Pacific Coast region. A recent visit to that country convinces him that ten years hence Washington and the other Coast States will be unable to supply the growing demands of China and Japan. The people of those countries like flour, he says, and after having used it they

prefer it to rice. Their trade with us is becoming enormous, and the introduction of rail-ways will increase it two hundred per cent. It is hoped that Colonel Mott's prediction will be realized, but ten years of added development to the States of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho will witness a largely increased production of all the cereals and of other food products. Not in our day will the food-producing capacity of the Coast States be put to a supreme test. Demand is always met with supply. Demand means profit, and where profit is found there population goes. New areas will be opened to cultivation, new settlers will be on hand to till the soil, and thus the increase of production will keep even pace with increased demand. Coast prospects are indeed bright, and the Far East trade is of great importance, but coming years will show that our Pacific Northwest States constitute an empire the resources of which will enable it to rise to every emergency.

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THE recent Industrial Exhibition held in St. Paul was eminently successful in all that its projectors aimed to accomplish. On no other occasion has so complete a display been made of the various lines of wares and goods manufactured in the capital city. The object of the exhibition was to compel the St. Paul public

ful aid and influence of that enthusiastic and thoroughly well-officered body known as the Ladies' Auxiliary Association, which has already done so much to promote their interests.

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THE Bozeman (Mont.) *Chronicle* says that it is quite evident to all observers that the Yellowstone National Park is each year receiving less attention from the traveling public. The travel there last year was disappointingly light, and this year it is even lighter. The *Chronicle* accounts for this neglect of the most interesting locality for tourist travel to be found in the United States, by the fact that only one railroad runs to the park border. We do not think that this is the true reason. It can not matter much to a tourist whether he has or has not a choice between a number of roads reaching the point he desires to get to, provided that he can go there comfortably by an unbroken rail route. The traveler from the East, bound for the Yellowstone Park, after changing in St. Paul can ride in a Pullman sleeper to the northern boundary of the park. The Government does not allow a railroad to be built in the park; and when the traveler reaches the frontier, he is placed in a comfortable stage-coach and hauled to the large hotel at the Mammoth Hot Springs, which is the general distributing point for travel

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

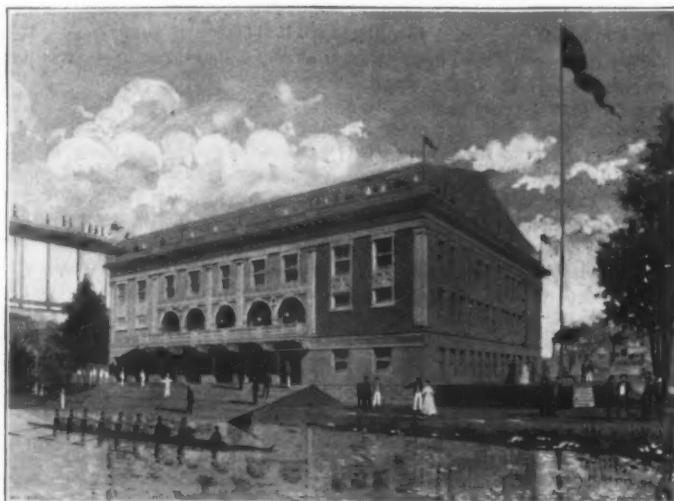
ABOUT DAWSON CITY.—Dawson City, in the Yukon, is said to be an orderly place, though a lively one. It may have a population of 25,000 or more this winter, and it is progressive in many ways. An electric-light plant is in operation, and some substantial buildings are going up. The Alaska Trading Company has erected two buildings at a cost of \$150,000 each. A \$40,000 hotel is also being built. Three saw-mills have been running, but lumber is \$200 per thousand, and nails \$60 per keg.

A CAT RETREAT.—To the north of the town of Cypress River, Man., says the *Western Prairie* of that place, there are many groves of trees and a thick growth of bushes. In these retreats all the cats of the town assemble in the summer months. There they nurse their kittens, catch birds and rabbits, and hold strange discourse in the moonlight. As the cold weather approaches, these half-wild cats, old and young, will be in destitute circumstances, and it is possible that when the snow falls a general cat hunt would be an act of humanity.

MAN-EATERS IN PUGET SOUND.—The New Whatcom (Wash.) *Reveille* records the fact that a full-grown man-eating shark, and several young ones, were caught recently in a salmon trap at Cherry Point, in that State. The shark was shot with a rifle, and was then towed to Fairhaven, where the big fish was hoisted, by means of the steam pile-driver, onto a dock. It was a wicked-looking fish, with a mouth a foot and a half long, furnished with formidable rows of teeth. The shark was fourteen feet in length, and weighed about 1,700 pounds. This kind of shark is exceedingly rare in Puget Sound.

NUGGETS IN A BATH-TUB.—According to John F. Miller, ex-prosecuting attorney of King County, Wash., French Hill is far the richest spot in the Klondike. He says he saw a bathtub full of nuggets on the hill, and that one man, working Sunday, took out 200 pounds of nuggets. French Hill is a bluff back of Eldorado Creek, 500 feet above the water-level. Staley, the discoverer of the riches there, reasoned that the gold in the creek was washed down the hill, and went to prospecting accordingly. His friends laughed at him; but, according to Mr. Miller, he has six men at work now who are washing out \$1,000 in gold a day.

NEW USE FOR CATFISH.—The Portland (Ore.) *Telegram* says that the street superintendent of that city has found a new use for catfish. He has had considerable trouble in the past in cleaning out terra-cotta sewers and drains in low places about the city. They frequently become clogged, and in order to remove the obstructions it is necessary to run a rope through and work it back and forth. This has proven a more difficult task than one would imagine. The superintendent now catches a catfish, when he has such a job on hand, fastens a string to its tail, and drops it down a manhole. The catfish makes its way through anything short of a stone wall, dragging the string after it. A wire is attached to the string and the rope to the wire, and the problem is solved.



THE NEW CLUB HOUSE TO BE BUILT FOR THE MINNESOTA BOAT CLUB ON RASPBERRY ISLAND, IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, AT ST. PAUL.

to acquire better knowledge of local industries and the quality of the products turned out by them. It was a free exhibit, made doubly attractive by means of music, the nightly attendance of civic organizations, such as the Commercial Club and the Order of the Elks, and short addresses by prominent men. Night after night saw the large hall well filled with interested onlookers, whose chief surprise lay in the fact that they had lived in St. Paul so long without knowing what St. Paul produced. This surprise may indicate two things. It may mean that St. Paul men and women visit the groceries and market-places of the city with half-shut eyes, or it may mean that a very large number of St. Paul manufacturers, large and small, have not been in the habit of so advertising their wares that the attention of the buying public has been drawn to them. In this age of competition, something beside the mere making of an article is necessary. It is one thing to manufacture goods, it is quite another thing to bring them before the public and thus establish a market for them. It would be well to hold such exhibitions annually; and if St. Paul manufacturers are wise, they will cling most tenaciously to the power-

within the park. Every effort has been made to render the tour of the park as comfortable as possible; and the facilities provided are a long way ahead of what the present income warrants. There are good hotels at every one of the principal points of interest; the roads are kept in order by the War Department; cavalry soldiers police the entire park; and the hotels are remarkably good and very moderate in their charges in view of their remoteness from all sources of supply. Probably the real reason for the falling off in recent years in the number of tourists visiting the park must be looked for in the unsettled condition of business throughout the country, and in the fact that during the past five or six years thousands of people who formerly had a surplus of income, which they could devote to the pleasures of travel, have been hard pressed to make both ends meet. As soon as we have had two or three years of normally prosperous times, we believe that the park travel will be greater than ever. There is nowhere in the civilized world a section of country forty miles square that has so many features of positive and novel interest, and enjoys so bracing and delightful a summer climate, as the Yellowstone National Park.

LYTLE'S DIAMOND PARLORS, 415 Robert St., Opp. Ryan Hotel, Jeweler and Goldsmith.

WE WILL CALL YOUR ATTENTION ONCE MORE to the fact that we have proven to the public, time and again, for the last twenty-five years, that we discount ALL competitors in OUR PRICES in diamonds and watches.

Read this descriptive ad. You will no doubt find something you want. These things we describe are all special bargains. The description of every piece can be thoroughly relied upon—quality, value, etc.

\$140.00, worth \$250.00—Five-stone diamond hoop ring, containing 2½ carats of beautiful, brilliant, perfect white diamonds, with graceful, hand-made skeleton mounting.

\$75.00, worth \$115.00—Five-stone hoop ring with three Oriental sapphires and two diamonds; mounted light and graceful.

\$130.00, worth \$190.00—An immense oblong Asia turquoise, beautiful color, surrounded by 25 finely cut, brilliant white diamonds; this is a magnificent ring.

\$14.00, cost \$35.00—Three-stone ring, two Oriental rubies, with diamond in center; made for a little finger; the material is very fine and neatly mounted.

\$300.00, worth \$450.—Two-stone diamond ring, late style mounting; the diamonds weigh 4 carats, perfectly round, fine cut, blue-white and brilliant; warranted flawless.

\$25.00, worth \$35.00—A lady's turquoise ring, turquoise center, surrounded by 10 white brilliant diamonds; mounting in fashionable, light and graceful.

\$25.00, cost \$60.00—A lady's ring, a hoop mounting with 3 bright, pretty colored Asia turquoises, studded with diamonds; handsome, graceful mounting.

\$125.00, worth \$185.00—Lady's solitaire ring, mounted in light Tiffany; diamond weighs 1½ carats, a blue-white, perfect gem, warranted flawless.

\$100.00, worth \$140.00—Lady's solitaire diamond ring, light Tiffany mounting; diamond weighs 1½ carats; a perfect beauty in shape, color and brilliancy.

\$175.00, worth \$225.00—A solitaire lady's diamond ring, mounted in a light, fashionable Tiffany; diamond weighs 2 carats; a blue-white, perfectly cut, flawless gem.

\$68.00, worth \$85.00—Solitaire diamond ring, light Tiffany mounting; diamond weighs 1 carat; perfect, white, brilliant stone.

\$80.00, worth \$115.00—Solitaire lady's ring; perfect beauty; diamond weighs 1 carat; an extra fine stone in shape, color and brilliancy; in fact, a perfect gem of a diamond.

\$125.00, worth \$200.00—Two-stone ring, diamond and emerald, mounted in the latest style; emerald and diamond each weigh 1 carat; the diamond is brilliant, nicely cut, perfect stone; the emerald is fine color, nicely cut, and would cost today all I ask for the entire ring.

We have two loose diamonds that were in a pair of ear-drops; the diamonds weigh 4 carats and cost \$975.00; they are the very finest blue-white absolutely perfect gems; I will mount them up in a two-stone ring, ear-knobs or a stud and ring for \$340.00; if you want something really first-class come and look at this pair.

\$160.00, cost \$225.00—A gentleman's ring, a late style and nobby mounting; diamond weighs 2 carats, brilliant, white and perfect; this ring is something grand.

\$40.00, worth \$65.00—Gentleman's diamond ring, diamond weighs ½ carat; perfect white, brilliant stone, mounted in smooth light gentleman's Tiffany.

\$30.00, would be cheap at \$85.00—A gentleman's gypsy ring, magnificently chased and hand-engraved; 2 bright, sparkling diamonds with an emerald center; this is a beauty.

\$21.00, worth at least \$60.00—A snake ring, Roman gold, with a ½-carat genuine ruby in head, with diamond eyes.

\$235.00, cost \$350.00—A pair of diamond ear-knobs, weigh ¾ carats; perfect diamonds, white, flawless, good depth, good high table, round, snappy and brilliant.

\$270.00, worth \$475.00—A brilliant, magnificent sunburst, studded with between five or six carats brilliant white diamonds.

We have a large assortment of other diamond brooches in tiny wreaths, brooches mounted with pearls and diamonds, opals and diamonds, bugs and beetles studded with diamonds and pearls, a magnificent and unique brooch, a strawberry blossom with diamond in center, worth at least \$35.00, our price, \$15.00.

\$325.00, cost \$550.00—Lady's 3-stone ring; two diamonds with emerald center; the diamonds are very fine, first water diamonds, weighing 1½ carats each; the emerald a very beautiful color, nicely cut, weighs 2 carats; the emerald alone is worth more than we ask for the ring mounted up fashionably.

\$150.00, worth \$200.00—A lady's solitaire diamond ring, diamond weighs 1½ carats, a magnificent, perfect diamond, brilliant and flawless.

We have other solitaire rings, mounted up in fashionable mountings, from \$20.00 to \$50.00, worth from 25 to 35 per cent more than the price asked.

We have a beautiful pair of diamonds weighing 7 carats perfectly matched, round, good depth, good high table, nicely cut, brilliant and good color. I will sell the pair for \$450.00, mounted; they would make a great pair of diamond ear-rings or ear-knobs; we will break the pair and sell one for \$250.00; this pair originally cost \$800.00.

\$30.00, worth \$65.00—Cluster diamond ear-rings. Oriental sapphire in center, surrounded by pure white, brilliant diamonds; they make as fine a show as a pair of diamond ear-drops worth \$300.00.

Have your diamonds remounted and your old jewelry made up to date. That is a specialty with us.

To be successful, look successful; the diamond wearer looks successful, is successful; laugh, and the world laughs with you. Go to Lytle's and buy your diamonds and you will be successful.

We carry everything in the line of watches, in Elgin, Waltham, Hampden and other movements, châtelaines with American movements, plain and studded with diamonds.

For \$20.00 we will sell you a Waltham, late style movement, adjusted to heat, cold and position, patent regulator, pendant set, will pass inspection on any railroad, with 25-yr. 14k filled case; will guarantee for perfect time two years.

We will sell you a solid gold gentleman's watch that retails for \$100.00 or \$100.00, warranted a perfect time-piece, has been used very little but looks to be entirely new; sell this watch for \$40.00.

Will sell you a solid gold lady's watch, hunting case, fashionable size, stem and pendant set, Elgin movement, for \$15.00; cost you at retail \$22.00.

We will sell you a gentleman's watch, 16-size, silver nickel case, American movement, stem wind and pendant set, for \$3.00; warranted a perfect timepiece.

For \$150.00 will sell you chronograph and minute repeater, plain 14k hunting solid gold case; watch cost \$275.00; will be warranted for two years to be perfect and accurate.

We have a special American watch for \$4.00, for nurses or for the Sisters, with second hand, stem wind and pendant set, guaranteed to be a reliable timepiece.

We carry the finest line of silk umbrellas and canes to be found in the Twin Cities, mounted in silver and gold, with precious polished shells, fancy carved ivory, trimmed with silver and gold, large sizes and the finest quality of silk; prices extremely moderate for this quality of goods.

Clocks of every make, finer and cheaper than they can be bought for at retail.

Solid silver pieces in bread trays, olive dishes, card receivers, candelabra, nut bowls, ladles, salad and soup spoons, lemonade spoons. In fact, all kinds of silver spoons, silver novelties of the latest and most fashionable at bedrock prices.

Our optician, Dr. E. C. Wineburgh—his success is his best recommendation. Eyes examined free.

Goods sent to responsible parties on memorandum, or will send O. O. D. with privilege of examination.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.—We change key winding movements of all makes into stem winders. Price from \$10 to \$35, according to the movement.

If you have a complicated watch of any kind that you are afraid to let every watch-maker handle, send it to us. We will guarantee the work. If not satisfactory, no charge.

Diamond setting and fine engraving.

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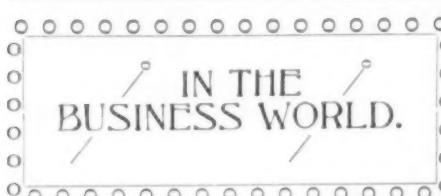
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St. Paul, Minn. Dept. No. 21.



One Great Source of Government Revenue.

Two Chicago gentlemen, prominent among advertising men, had a friendly discussion recently concerning the truth of a statement made in an advertisement in the January magazines to the effect that the Pabst Brewing Company, of Milwaukee, had paid to the United States Government in internal-revenue tax an amount exceeding the combined salaries of all the Presidents from Washington to McKinley, and including those for one hundred years to come. This discussion ended in a bet of \$100, and Mr. J. R. Kathrens, advertising manager of the Pabst company, was called upon to prove the statement he had made in the advertisement. In a letter to one of these gentlemen, who does not care to reveal his name, Mr. Kathrens makes some statements that will be of general interest. He says:

"From December 31, 1864, to July 1, 1898, the

"The Constitution of the United States provides that the President shall at stated times receive for his service a compensation which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he has been elected, and he will not receive within that period any other emolument from the United States or any of them. Washington was inaugurated President in 1789, and some six months after he had assumed the duties of office his salary was fixed at \$25,000 per year. On February 18, 1793, the salary of the President was confirmed at \$25,000 per year. It remained at this figure until the 3d of March, 1873, the end of Grant's first term, when it was raised to \$50,000 per year. So this would deduct sufficiently from the above figures to enable us to say that the Pabst revenue to the United States Government would pay the Presidents' salaries for 251 years to come."

Oregon Hotel Enterprise.

J. Eugene Moore, proprietor of the Hotel Pendleton, has placed an order for a new consommé that has recently been placed on the market and has received an enormous sale in all parts of the United States. Even among European nations there has been noticed a disposition to make heavy purchases, notably in

mous trade the new consommé will bring. It is the most popular thing now on the market, excepting, perhaps, a Spanish omelet, made of assorted war vessels soaked in brine after being broken into small fragments by round or sharp-pointed leaden mallets fired from a gun.—*Pendleton East Oregonian.*

How to Help the Eyes.

Whenever your organs of sight feel weak, do not claw at them with your knuckles; you must massage your eyes the same way you would the stronger parts of the body. They need help from the hands, but this help must be administered in a very gentle and delicate manner.

John Quincy Adams had a way of treating his eyes which, it is said, preserved their vision to old age without the help of spectacles. This was to place his thumb and forefinger each upon the eyelid and gently rub them toward the nose a number of times each day. The action encourages the circulation of blood in that locality, does away with the tiny spots that sometimes float before the vision, and prevents that flattening of the lenses which causes dimness of sight at a certain focus. It is wonderful how much good can be done the eyes of people of all ages by using this simple exercise ten or fifteen minutes each day.

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO.
Wholesale Manufacturers.

FACTORY NO. 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

FACTORY NO. 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

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BANK, STORE, CHURCH and HOUSE FURNITURE,
St. Paul, Minn.

JOHNSON BROS.

Capital City Furniture Company,
Manufacturers of
Bank, Public Building, Office, Church and Store
Furniture and Fixtures, Mantels, Sideboards,
Book Cases, etc.
639-641 JACKSON ST., ST. PAUL, MINN.

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QUONG GIN LUNG CO.
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Jackets, fine Ivory Carving, Ebony Furniture and all
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390 Wabasha St., St. Paul, Minn.

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WOLTERSTORFF-HASKELL RANGE & FURNACE CO.,
Manufacturers of
COMMANDER STEEL RANGES and FURNACES,
186-188 East Sixth Street, St. Paul, Minn.

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ROBERTS-GOSS CO.—Steam and Hot Water Heaters,
MACHINISTS and BLACKSMITHS,
357 Rosabel St., ST. PAUL, MINN. Telephone 721.

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J. H. BACH & BRO. Manufacturers of Trunks and
Traveling Bags. Sample work a specialty. Send for
catalogue at 365 Jackson Street, St. Paul, Minn.

PUMPS Have a large stock of Domestic Steam
Pumps, manufactured by
ERWIN HYDRAULIC MACHINERY CO.,
which we wish to close out AT VERY LOW FIGURES;
also BOILERS to correspond with them. Send for
catalogue and prices.

WISCONSIN MACHINERY COMPANY,
125 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

MILWAUKEE FOUNDRY SUPPLY CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Founders' and Patternmakers'
SPECIALTIES.
Rapping Plates, Lifting Screws,
Flask Fittings, Dowel Pins,
Flask Clamps, Pattern Letters
and Figures, Chaplets, Fillet
Cutters. 256 Lake St., Milwaukee.

THE W. S. TYLER WIRE WORKS CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Double • Crimp • Mining • Cloths,
From Brass, Copper, Steel and Iron Wire.
Office Railings, Wire Guards and Wire Work of every
description.



NAN-SEN

Is ahead of all others.
And so is our

NANSEN ROLL- BEARING HANGER.

No. 3, per Doz. pairs, \$12.
No. 4, per Doz. pairs, \$15.
No 5, per Doz. pairs, \$18

Stowell Mfg. & Foundry Co.,

So. Milwaukee, Wis.

A CALENDAR WATCH

The wonder of the nineteenth century. Stem-wind and stem-set. A perfect Calendar Watch. It works automatically, giving the time of the day to the second, date of the month, date of the year, and all changes of the moon. It is self-acting, making all changes at midnight. The movement is of nickel, highly jeweled, has luminous decorated sun dial, composition hands, and is a precision timekeeper. It is a masterpiece, embodying all the recent improvements in the art of watchmaking, and is guaranteed an accurate timekeeper. The cases are open face, full size, black oxidized steel, with 14k gold-filled pendant, bow and crown, making a very handsome timepiece.



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Established 1877.
Wholesale and Retail Jewelry House.
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FREE—Our 200-page Catalogue of Watches, Diamonds,
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Builder of
**CHURCH, CHAPEL and
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Repairing and Tuning
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Five Years' Guarantee
on every Instrument.
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ST. PAUL, MINN.



I F you wish the best service between
MINNEAPOLIS,
ST. PAUL and CHICAGO,
TRAVEL BY
The North-Western Line.



Many miles the shortest between these cities,
and the "NORTH-WESTERN LIMITED" is the
finest train that runs.

T. W. TEASDALE,
General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL.

'AS I OTHERS SEE US.'

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September has an elegant write-up of Thief River and Red Lake Falls, covering their general development and lumbering industry in a thorough manner. The article is illustrated with several fine views of the water-powers and logging scenes on the Red Lake River.—*Crookston (Minn.) Times*.

THE NORTHWEST ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE is devoted to the entire Northwest. It is by far the best magazine published in the Northwest, and is always filled with valuable reading and interesting illustrations descriptive of Western life and enterprise.—*Republican-Times, Morris, Minn.*

J. S. Maddock, of Goldendale, Wash., whose lands were recently mentioned in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, says that he received so many letters of inquiry, as a direct result, that he is compelled to consider the magazine a good medium for advertisers."

"Please do not fail to address our NORTHWEST MAGAZINE to Epworth instead of Dubuque. We take great interest in reading your monthly, and are more than anxious to get it promptly.—*Willow Bark Company, Epworth, Iowa.*"

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is an excellent publication. Its columns are filled with well-written articles, and the descriptive features in connection with it are a constant source of pleasure to the readers.—*Rush City (Minn.) Post*.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September is as usual full of bright and interesting reading matter, well illustrated with photogravures and cuts.—*Calgary (Alberta, Can.) Tribune*.

"I consider THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE as without peer in the development of our future stronghold of the Republic!"—*Edward A. Weber, Newport, Ky.*

"We believe THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a good advertising medium."—*Montgomery Ward & Co., per W. B. Leffingwell, Adv. Mgr., Chicago.*

New Maps.

New Maps, size of each about 17x23, of Washington, North Dakota and Minnesota. Land Companies and Real Estate and Immigration Agents will find these maps very desirable for advertising purposes. Reading matter can be printed on the reverse side. For quotations on quantities from 1,000 to 100,000 address Poole Bros., Railway Printers & Publishers, 316 Dearborn St., Chicago.



Wisconsin.

The glue-works now contemplated for Carrollsville will require 2,500,000 bricks.

A fine brick schoolhouse is to be erected in Green Bay. It will cost about \$10,000.

Algoma is rejoicing in the fact that a \$100,000 penning plant is to be put up there.

The Kimberly-Clark Company will erect a paper-mill at Quinnesec Falls next year at a cost of \$300,000.

A new flour-mill is in course of construction at Waukesha, and a big feed-mill is being built in Reedsburg.

Chicago and Boston capitalists are about to erect six large frost-proof warehouses, capable of holding 500,000 tons of starch, at Stevens Point.

J. Raymond of Cascade has harvested his second crop of cabbages this year, a thing unheard of before in this climate. He raised early cabbages and sold them in July, and from the stumps grew three to seven heads of good, solid cabbage weighing from two to two and a half pounds.

The Mukwonago Canning Works closed its run on tomatoes recently with a record of 170,000 cans, or over 7,000 cases. The output, which will make over twenty carloads, is mostly contracted for. The cannery is now at work on apples, and expects to put up 100,000 cans before it shuts down. Twenty-five men and boys and thirty-five girls are employed.

The new tissue-paper mill at Appleton began work on October 18 and is running successfully. It is one of the most complete mills in the valley, and the paper machine, which is 102 inches wide, is the largest tissue machine in the country. The machine is built so that it can be run on heavier papers if desired, but the main line will be tissue and waxed confectionery paper. The four waxing-machines will wax ten tons of paper a day.

The apple crop in the vicinity of Pewaukee turned out unusually good, and the farmers are shipping hundreds of barrels daily to the Milwaukee markets. Nearly 4,000 barrels have been shipped to date. The farmers receive an average of \$1 a barrel. The crop in Sauk County was the largest ever known. The harvesting of the late varieties has just been completed, and the crop is estimated at 10,000 barrels. One local buyer alone bought and shipped 3,500 barrels raised in the neighborhood of Baraboo. The early varieties netted farmers about seventy-five cents a barrel, and the late ones \$1 to \$1.25.

Minnesota.

Wheaton proposes to build a new \$14,000 schoolhouse.

The new schoolhouse at Brewster will cost \$6,000 to \$8,000.

Walker is keeping up with modern progress by putting in a fine water-works system.

Minnesota banks show deposits and loans \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 greater than one year ago.

Barnesville has contracted for a complete electric-light plant at a total cost of about \$10,000.

It is rumored that the Great Northern will extend its Hutchinson branch to Marshall, Minn.

Clairemont building operations are very active this fall. Five business blocks or buildings are now being erected.

Le Sueur's Board of Trade is negotiating for the erection of a flour-mill, and Kilkenny citizens have subscribed over \$2,200 for a mill to be put up there.

The Grand Lodge of the Odd Fellows has decided to locate the proposed orphans' home at Northfield, and \$15,000 has been appropriated to erect the first building.

The Duluth News Tribune says that the Western Transit Company's new package freighter, the steamer Troy, cleared recently for Buffalo with about 47,000 barrels of flour, or 280 carloads. The flour was loaded

at the St. Paul & Duluth dock in Duluth, and was placed aboard the boat in fifteen and one-half hours.

The James Quirk Milling Company will erect a five-story brick flour-mill and engine building in Waterville. The plant will have a daily capacity of 500 barrels.

The Federal Steel Company has bought the Loraine Steel Company's works at Tower, and will enlarge them considerably and equip them with new machinery.

St. Cloud's First Annual Street Fair was a splendid success. So was Crookston's. These fairs are becoming a regular fall feature in quite a number of Minnesota towns.

It is said that Rush City is having a regular boom in the way of building. The foundation for the new \$10,000 schoolhouse is completed, and there are also at least a dozen new residences in process of construction.

The Wadena Pioneer-Journal recently issued a very handsomely printed and illustrated "Souvenir Harvest Edition." It used glazed book paper and half-tone cuts, and the work was fully equal to the best magazine productions. Such enterprise merits substantial reward.

The Minnesota Iron & Steel Company, in Minneapolis, will erect an addition to its plant consisting of a main building 60x180, with two fifteen-ton open-hearth furnaces, casting arrangements, etc. There will be electric power, traveling cranes, charging machines, etc.

The Enterprise, of Winnebago City, says there will be more fine brick blocks erected on Main Street in Winnebago City during 1898 than in all the towns of Faribault County combined. "The good time is not coming for Winnebago City. It is already here, and here to stay. The number of new firms entering our trade circle is conclusive evidence of a satisfactory change."

North Dakota.

A flour-mill will soon be among the local enterprises in Sheyenne.

Nash Brothers' new building in Grand Forks will cost not less than \$28,700.

The Dacotah, Grand Forks' new hotel, will be opened to the public on November 24, Thanksgiving Day.

It is reported that a tile and cement factory is to be located at Fargo. It would be a good point for such a plant.

It is probable that a telephone-line will be constructed from Harvey to Carrington, Fessenden, and Rockford.

Statements are being published to the effect that a new opera-house will be built at Grand Forks. Its seating capacity will be double that of any similar house there.

Reports have it that the Soo line will be continued to Bismarck next spring. Bismarck's burned district is building up rapidly. A regular boom is looked for there next year.

The pressed-brick factory at Dickinson employs a crew of twelve men and is busily preparing for its first output. When completed the kiln will have a capacity for 200,000 bricks.

It is said that there are eleven lady county superintendents of schools in the State. And why not? The greater number of town and district schools are taught by ladies, and they are no doubt just as competent to superintend them.

Alex Anderson, living about four miles west of Bottineau, in boring a well on his farm struck a vein of natural gas at a depth of 155 feet. It comes up with force enough to burn a brilliant light, and may develop into quite a rich strike.

Grading has been begun on the Jamestown & Northern branch of the Northern Pacific, west from Sykes-ton. It is expected that it will be pushed to the Missouri River, at or near Fort Stevenson. About forty miles will be graded this season.

South Dakota.

A beet-sugar factory to cost \$350,000 is among the future enterprises promised to Sioux Falls.

New patent brooms are to be manufactured in Canton by the Canton Broom Company, just organized.

The sales of lumber for granaries and other farm buildings has been unusually large in the State this fall, and there is every evidence that greater pros-

perity prevails among the farmers, as a class, than for many years. The stock industry, coupled with diversified farming, is rapidly bringing South Dakota into prime financial condition.

Ipswich, which recently suffered from fire, will rebuild entirely of brick or with some fire-proof material. New buildings are going up now, and many more will be erected next spring.

General reports show that there is a very prosperous condition of affairs among the farmers and stockmen of the State, and that great improvements have been made during the year in nearly all the large and small towns. The year 1898 promises to be unusually fruitful of progress.

A fine copper prospect is being opened up on a claim two miles from the Golden Return Company's property on the Iowa No. 9. Ore carrying six per cent copper three feet from the surface has been uncovered. A shaft is being sunk to the water-level, about 100 feet, where richer ore will undoubtedly be found.

The Deadwood Pioneer-Times says that there is being more capital invested in Keystone (Black Hills) mining property this fall than at any time in the previous history of the district, and the showing that is being made is remarkable. More money is being spent in development work than at any time before. At the Bismarck fifty men are at work grading for a mammoth concentrating plant which the Milwaukee parties, who recently purchased the ground, are going to put in. This plant will have a capacity of 200 tons of ore daily, and will be run upon the Bismarck product. The site of this plant is less than a mile above the town of Keystone. Jones & O'Brien, who recently bought the Lucky Boy and other adjoining properties, have about twenty-five men at work upon the Lucky Boy and are making a big opening.

Montana.

A large six-story steel, stone and brick building is projected for Butte. It will be built next spring.

It is understood that smelters may be erected in Red Lodge to smelt ore brought from Cook City over a projected electric line.

The Showshoe mine near Libby is to be equipped with a ten-drill compressor and six Rand drills. The Pacific Northwest Mining Corporation is owner, and contemplates erecting a 600-ton mill as soon as it can be properly worked.

It is claimed that over three hundred buildings have been erected in Great Falls the past season, including those now in process of construction. Many more are in contemplation. A contractor counted 110 buildings going up at one time within the past few weeks. Great Falls is certainly in a prosperous condition as compared with some of the cities of the Middle East. The majority of the buildings have been erected by workmen for permanent homes. The Great Falls Leader says that a gentleman whose connections with the monied institutions of the city is very close, remarked that money is daily arriving from Eastern centers in payment of wool and cattle, and it is strictly within the truth to say that Great Falls and this section of Northern Montana was never in a more prosperous condition than at the present time.

Bozeman is to become the seat of a new tannery enterprise. A company has been formed, under the name of the Gallatin Valley Tanning and Manufacturing Company, to tan hides and furs and make them into coats, robes, etc. The projectors say that many of the cattle and horses bred in that section have a fine coat of fur, and their hides can be tanned and put in shape for a durable, clean robe or coat that will be almost equal to the buffalo-robe or coat, and much superior to those made from the hide of a dog or goat, as they do not have the disagreeable odor of the latter. A new and improved process of tanning will be employed.

The establishment of a paper-mill in Montana has been definitely decided upon, and the articles of incorporation of the company have been filed with the secretary of State. The corporate name of the company will be the Montana Pulp and Paper Company, and the principal office will be at Manhattan, where the works will be located. But few industrial enterprises have been started in Montana with so large a proportion of their capital stock subscribed for, and the stock so widely distributed over the State. Of the \$100,000 of capital stock, which is divided into shares of the par value of \$100, \$86,500 worth has been taken, and in its ownership Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Virginia City, Manhattan, and New York city are represented. According to the articles of incorporation, the company is "to carry on and conduct the manufacture and sale of paper pulp, the manufacture and sale and offering for sale and selling of all grades of paper

and the manufacture and sale of all paper products, such as bags, paper-boxes, etc.; the purchasing of straw, rags, chemicals, and other materials necessary for said manufacturing; and for the transaction generally of all the business, whether by manufacturing, shipping or selling, usually done and transacted by paper-mills. Mr. Henry Altenbrand of New York, who is largely interested in the Gallatin Valley and in Manhattan, has been the principal mover in this important enterprise.

Idaho.

Nampa people have subscribed \$5,000 worth of stock for a large canning and evaporating plant to be erected and owned by their own townsmen.

It is stated that a cannery will be established in Kendrick, in the vicinity of which town large quantities of fruit and vegetables are grown.

A new industry, a salmon fishery, has been established at Lewiston, and the home markets are supplied for the first time from the river instead of from the Coast.

Patrons of the Coquille creamery have been paid for milk delivered in August at the rate of twenty-three cents per pound for butter-fat. The pay-roll amounted to \$3,000.

The mineral belt of Western and Central Idaho is thus described by the Weiser (Idaho) *Signal*: "Beginning at the silver-camp of Mineral, in Washington County, and extending along the range of mountains on the east side of Snake River and on the western side of said county to and beyond Warren, in Idaho County, taking Crooks Corral and Florence to the northwest and Long Valley to the southeast, with Rapid River, Secesh Creek and the tributaries through its center, lies one of the grandest mineral belts in North America, containing almost every metal known to the miner. It has placer and quartz-mines, and covers an area of 8,000 square miles or upwards. Its northeastern end is lost in the great mountain wilderness of Central Idaho, which, so far as any amount of prospecting goes, is practically untouched, and might contain wealth to crush a Klondike or shame an Aladdin. A great part of the mountain fastness of the central part of the State has been but little penetrated, save by a few nomadic hunters."

Oregon.

Edwin Weaver, a leading Myrtle Creek fruit-grower, will dry over 100,000 pounds of prunes this year, besides losing a large quantity because of a lack of drying capacity to handle his crop.

Rich gold-strikes are reported to have been made in the Siskiyou Mountains in Southern Oregon, near the California line. The discoverers are said to have taken out sixty pounds of gold-dust in two weeks. The mine is 7,200 feet above sea-level.

Oregon hops are of such excellent quality that brewers in England and on the Continent are in the market for them. During the present season a dealer in Portland has shipped many hundreds of bales to New York for export to Europe via the O. R. & N. and Great Northern, and more will follow. The State output this year reaches about 70,000 bales.

The Klamath Falls *Republican* says: "Our little city is beginning to see the good resulting from the erection of new buildings. Times are better than they have been in Klamath County and the Falls city for many years past. Every house in Klamath Falls is occupied. Our merchants are doing an increased business, and general prosperity prevails. To be strictly in the swim we should have a bank, as change is awfully scarce. Anyone starting such an institution here will be considered a public benefactor."

The beet-sugar factory at La Grande has been in successful operation for some time now, and the investors therein are highly pleased with both result and outlook. The first carload was purchased by J. D. McKinnon, of La Grande, and the quality was equal to the best. The entire output of the factory bids fair to be taken by the dealers of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, who agree in declaring the sugar quite up to the best grades made. There is talk of doubling the capacity of the plant next year. It is a great benefit to La Grande.

Washington.

Washington's hop crop is estimated at 40,000 bales.

Clarke County will dry and ship 3,000,000 pounds or seventy-five carloads of prunes this year. The grade is very high.

A freight train recently came into Tacoma over the Northern Pacific from Wilkeson, Wash., which de-

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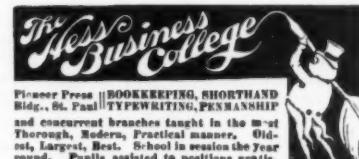
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serves especial mention. It contained fifty-eight cars, whose tonnage was 1,450 tons, or 2,900,000 pounds. There were thirty-one cars of logs, averaging 9,000 feet to the car; twenty-three cars of coal, and four of coke.

Spokane's Annual Fruit Fair closed October 15. It is spoken of as the most successful and meritorious fair yet held there.

It is now a settled fact that an extensive glass-manufacturing plant is to be established at Port Angeles by a Pittsburg, Pa., capitalist. Plate-glass and window-glass will be specialties.

Hoquiam is full of good feeling over the completion of the four-mile extension of the Northern Pacific line from Aberdeen to that point, thus giving it its first railway connection.

According to the Garfield *Enterprise*, the people of that town are justly proud of their recently completed public school building. It is two stories in height, constructed of brick, and cost about \$15,000. All its interior arrangements are modern.

A Chehalis paper says that the population of that town is probably larger today than it ever was before. There are no dwelling-houses or store-rooms for rent there at the present time, a condition that never existed before, except for a few months during the boom.

The fruit crop of the State this year seems to be very satisfactory. It is estimated that over a million dollars' worth of fruits have already been marketed and passed to the credit of fruit-growers. Better methods and more canneries and evaporators will make future conditions still better.

Canadian Northwest.

Pine Creek, B. C., is the scene of the latest placer excitement in British Columbia. According to reports, the diggings are very rich.

Walter Ross has a project to form a company for the erection of a modern hotel at Fort Frances, Ont., to cost \$16,000. Plans have been drawn for the building. The scheme also includes a summer hotel at Keenora Beach.

The Alberta Tribune, published in Calgary, says that samples of ore recently received from near Banff resembled Rossland ores, and assay tests gave 31.5 per cent copper. Galena ore from the same region went 77.1 per cent lead and two ounces silver.

The iron on the Crows Nest Pass road now extends from Lethbridge, Alberta, to the Kootenay Lake in West Kootenay, B. C., a distance of 360 miles. A little more than a year ago there was nothing more than Indian trails between many of the points along the line.

The Canadian Geological Survey places the mineral output of the Dominion last year at \$28,000,000, an increase of \$6,000,000 over the previous year. The output is divided as follows among the principal mining Provinces: British Columbia \$10,455,268, Nova Scotia \$6,000,000, Ontario \$5,000,000, Quebec \$2,063,266, Northwest Territories and Yukon \$3,000,000.

Grand Forks, B. C., has a smelter boom on hand. In return for a great many concessions, an English company's representative has agreed to erect a 500-ton smelter at or near Grand Forks, and as an evidence of good faith he has posted a guarantee of \$1,000. According to the agreement, the company is to start work as soon as Grand Forks has railway connection.

Commissioner McCreary, of the immigration department, estimates that 30,000 new settlers have entered Manitoba and the Territories during the first nine months of the present year. The statistics at Immigration Hall show that 24,900 came in via Winnipeg. To this must be added fully twenty per cent who went in over the "Soo" line via Calgary, or who drove in from the States by the wagon route. The figures by the month, as recorded in the local office, are as follows: January 454, February 1,323, March 6,518, April 5,010, May 3,288, June 3,346, July 2,274, August 1,450, September 1,327. Total, 24,999.

East Kootenay, B. C., is coming to the front as a copper-producing district. During the past season considerable work was done upon the claims located upon Pyramid and Alki creeks and the North Fork of St. Mary's River. The most extensive work in this vicinity has been performed by Captain T. D. Petty, formerly of Nelson, who is representing an old-country syndicate called the Pyramid Kootenay Company. The Comstock has a good showing of mineral, and the largest ledge or vein. The mineral is copper and silver, with some gold. The Granite, Washington, and Milton claims are the next in importance; they all carry galena and copper sulphides.—*Nelson (B. C.) Tribune*.



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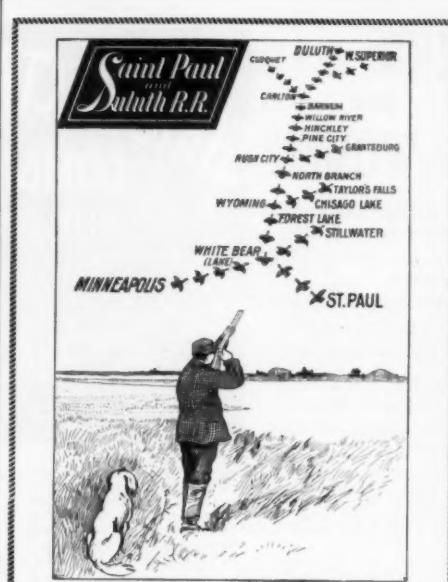
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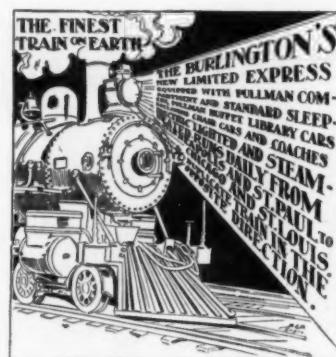
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Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from catarrh, asthma, consumption, and nervous diseases, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Bl'k, Rochester, N. Y.

Going to California?

Our upholstered tourist cars are the best. We are the pioneers in the tourist-car business. The Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad runs elegant upholstered tourist cars to California points without change, leaving St. Paul at 7:00 and Minneapolis at 7:35 P. M. every Thursday via Omaha, Denver, and Salt Lake—"The Scenic Line."

On November 22d and each succeeding Tuesday, we will run an additional car via Kansas City and Fort Worth—the Southern Route, no altitudes and no snow. This line, being the quickest and best appointed, is the most popular.

Through sleeping-car berths, large enough for two persons, are only \$6.00. A gentlemanly conductor and colored porter accompany the car to attend the wants of the passengers. Our parties are select. For full information and for descriptive matter, address A. B. Cutts, G. P. & T. A. M. & St. L Ry., Minneapolis, Minn.

"As Others See Us."

There is no exchange that comes to *The Times* editor that is more replete with good things than is THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. It is up to date in everything that pertains to Northwestern progress, and covers the field and development of the entire country from Minnesota west and north, and from the golden grain-belt to the Alaskan gold-fields. In an exhaustive manner, treating of its art and literature as well as its industries. It should find a place in every household.—*Crookston (Minn.) Times*.

An Honest Offer

Dear Mr. Editor:—Kindly inform your readers that if written to confidentially, enclosing stamp for reply, I will cheerfully make known to them in a sealed letter free of charge, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to perfect health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from nervous weakness, semi-lapses, and sexual feebleness.

I have no scheme to get money from any one. I have nothing to sell or send C. O. D., but am simply anxious to make known to others who may be suffering as I was, this means of certain and permanent cure.

Address C. Johnson, Box 467, Delray, Mich.

A Pat Answer.

The Duluth (Minn.) *News-Tribune* says that a Maine paper prints a story of a witness who refused to tell the amount of his gross income. Finally, when the judge ordered him to answer the question, he said:

"Your honor, I have no gross income; I'm a fisherman of Machias Bay, and it's all net."

Mothers.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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Don't fail to write for reliable information about the best and cheapest route to California. No objectionable parties taken. Special attention given to ladies and children traveling alone. Send in your name and address, stating time you expect to start, and you will receive prompt reply.

California Tourist Guide, Minneapolis, Minn.

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The illustration shows a section of the wash-goods department, with a glimpse of offices at the left.

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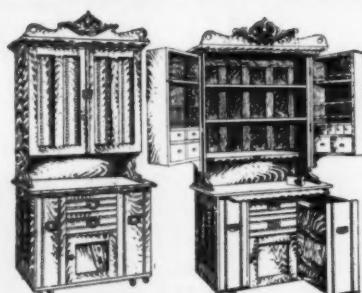
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A MINNESOTA CAMPAIGN ANECDOTE.

During the recent State campaign in Minnesota, Congressman Page Morris of the Sixth Congressional District was stumping his own particular bailiwick with that vigor and finesse which usually characterize politicians of all complexions. One day, when there was a big crowd in the lobby of the Hotel St. Louis, in the Zenith City, Morris was there and was quite extensively engaged in doing the hand-shaking act. The story, as told by the Duluth *Tribune*, is a good one, whether it be truth or fiction, and it runs as follows:

The congressman, it seems, was extending the glad hand to almost any one who came along, when a tall, long-lank, and awkward young fellow from Aitkin came perambulating around, whom we will call "Brown." Morris eagerly reached for Mr. Brown, grasping his hand most cordially and apologizing at the same time for failing to recollect his name.

"Let's see," he said, "you live at—"

"Aitkin."

"Oh, yes, yes; I remember you now. How are all the folks? How is your father?"

"Father is dead," was the solemn reply.

"Dead; is that so? Well, that is too bad. I had not heard of it. When did he die?"

"About twenty years ago," was the response.

Morris blushed, stammered out something about the weather, and got away as quickly as possible, while young Brown shuffled on, and in the course of the next five minutes found himself run up against Morris again.

"How do you do?" said Morris, again extending his hand; "how are all the folks? How is your father?"

"Still dead," was the laconic but disgusted reply.

THE WIDOW AND THE CLAIM.

The following tale is taken from the columns of the Butte (Mont.) *Inter Mountain*, and illustrates a bit of life that is more frequently met with in Tennessee or in North Carolina than in Rocky Mountain regions:

"While I was out West last winter," remarked the man who travels around a good deal, and who always manages to find the funny side of life, "I chanced to pass a party who was engaged in running a prospect hole in a hill near the road. Curious to know what his prospects were, I rode over to where he was. He had taken out a considerable quantity of white quartz, but I could not discover any signs of color.

"The party was an old man, who didn't seem to take kindly to my presence. I asked him what his prospects were, but he made no reply; so, after looking around for a few minutes, I rode on.

"I had not gone far before I was hailed by a party lying concealed in long grass.

"Say, stranger," he whispered, "how is the old man gettin' along?"

"I don't know," I answered, "I could get nothing out of him."

"The party in the grass chuckled.

"He thinks you're after the widder, too."

"What widow?" I asked.

"Why, the widder Spriggins. You see, that claim belongs ter the widder. She lives down thar, an' everybody round yere is keepin' an eye on thar claim. If hit pans out, they want ter marry her, but if hit don't pan out they don't want ter marry her, 'cause the widder without a gold-mine ain't a payin' investment. Ole man Bungs, that's him down yander workin' the claim, thought that he would play smart an' get the inside track by offering ter work the claim fer nothin'. But I'm goin' ter fule him! The minute he yells an' throws up his hat, I'm goin' ter scoot fer the widder, an' I've hit figgered out that I kin get thar five minutes before he does. You'd better move on, now, stranger; the ole man may smell a rat an' not throw up his hat when he strikes hit rich."

"I rode along. A short distance further on I was hailed by another party.

"Stranger," said he, "how does the land lay down thar?"

"Are you after the widow, also?" I asked.

"You bet," he answered, slapping his leg. "I'm keepin' my eye on Jim Piggins, who's hidin' down thar in the grass. Joe's the minute that I see him cleach up his belt, I'm goin' to make tracks fer the widder's."

"I rode on without meeting anyone else until I reached the house where the widow lived. Here I dis-covered an old man sitting upon a fence, and who im-

mediately inquired how 'them thar critters were gettin' on down below!"

"I explained the situation to him, and, as he shifted his position on the fence, he said:

"Wul, hit won't do 'em any good. I've jumped the claim. Me an' the widder wuz married three hours ago. Hit may pan out an' hit may not. Hit's jes' a speculation. But, hang it all, a man has got ter take some chances if he gits along in this world!"

AS TOLD IN MONTANA.

A minister down in Missouri, according to the evangelist of the Castle (Mont.) *Whole Truth*, finding his people too poor to purchase hymn-books, and having been offered the same book free by a patent-medicine house, provided they be allowed to insert an advertisement, ordered three dozen for his congregation. He was elated, upon receiving them, to find no advertisement in them.

The next Sunday he distributed the books, telling the brethren his good fortune, and requesting that they sing hymn one hundred and twenty. His chagrin may be imagined when they sang as follows:

"Hark! the heavenly angels sing,
Johnson's pills are just the thing;
Angelic voices meek and mild—
Two for a man, and one for a child."

The same paper is authority for the statement that at H—, a small town between Big Timber and Helena, on the Northern Pacific line in Montana, the post-office is presided over by a charming young girl of eighteen summers who one night forgot to hang out the mail-sack. As a consequence the clerk, who is an old knight of the sack, reported:

"No mail-pouch at H—."

In reply to a sharp reprimand from the chief clerk, the young postmistress replied that the mail clerk must have been dreaming.



PROFESSIONAL APPRECIATION.

Artist (to himself)—"Got in himmel, vat a nose!"

Artist (aloud)—"Your face, madam, make great impression on me. Dot portrait vill be immortal."

In a few days the same incident occurred, and the clerk, not unmindful of the fact "that brevity is the soul of wit," this time reported:

"No mail-pouch at H—, and that's no dream!"

WHAT A POMOLOGIST IS.

The *Spokesman-Review*, of Spokane, Washington, says that an exhibitor who was doing the honors of the Fruit Fair in that city to a member of the Ladies' Literary and Suffrage Club, pointed out a man near them, and remarked:

"That is the distinguished Eastern pomologist."

"He doesn't look at all like my idea of a poet," she replied, after a long look.

"Poet!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Didn't you say he wrote poems?" she answered, a little tartly.

"Not much! A pomologist is an apple-sharp," snapped the guide; and a far-away look came into his eyes as he thought of the vote he should cast against woman suffrage.

WEIRD WESTERN JUSTICE.

A story is circulated about an inquest held in the Coeur d'Alene mining region, in Idaho. A pistol and a twenty-dollar gold-piece were found on the dead man, and the acting coroner, who was also a justice of the peace, before proceeding with the inquest, fined the unfortunate corpse \$30 for carrying concealed weapons.—*Spokane (Wash.) Dilettante*.



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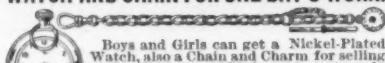
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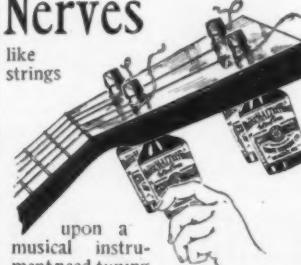
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The September number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE contains a rare collection of charming Western views in faultless half-tone cuts. As usual, the magazine is loaded with good things about Western life, industry, history, and romance.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Blade.*

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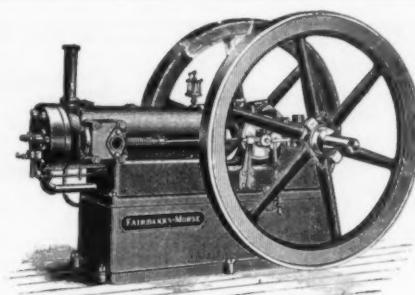
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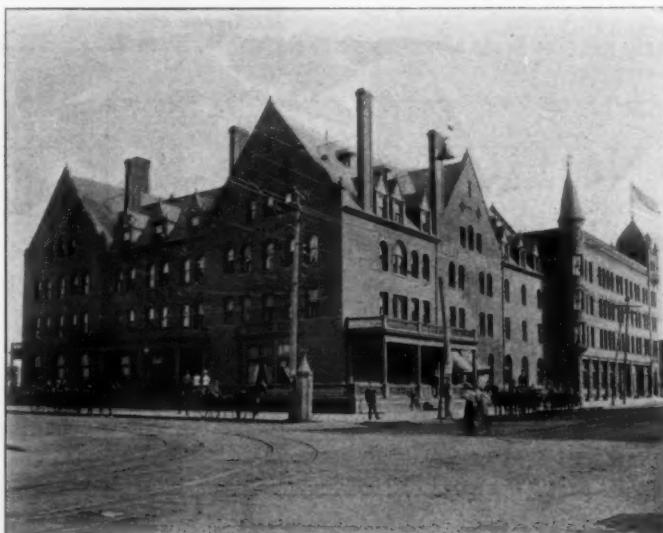
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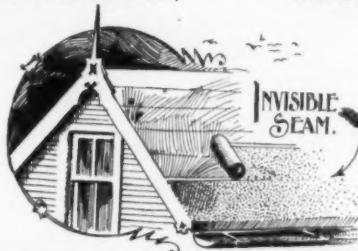
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Of all the gas-engine displays at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, that made by the Otto works of Philadelphia seems to have attracted the most favorable notice. The large space occupied by this concern was filled with all types of the stationary engines made by it, including the standard stationary, the marine, the special electric type, and two combinations of engines with pump and hoist. All this space was beautifully lighted with incandescent and arc lights, the current for which was produced by a fifteen-horse-power special electric-light engine, driving a dynamo direct from the fly-wheel. Otto gas engines vary in horse-power from three to forty, and are in universal use.

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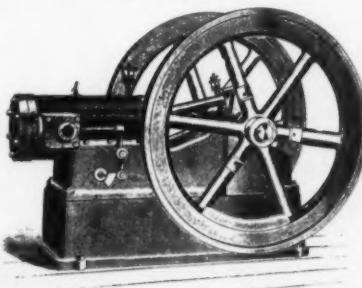
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Why isn't a cigarette one of the "fouls" of the air?"

Why isn't the lunatic asylum allowed to take in sane people?

If it were not for signs, some business men would never get their names up.

Phipps—"He's the most bashful man I ever met."

Quipps—"Quite true. I have known him to decline to meet bill when it is due."

He—"If I should embrace you, would you really call for help?"

She—"If you really thought you needed it."

"It is the glass too much that hurts," said the moderate user; "but who can tell which is the glass too much?"

"The glass too much," said the moderate buyer, "is the one you have to buy for the other fellow."



ON THE WRONG THOROUGHFARE.

Old Soak—"There 'tish 'gain—Wasser Street! Wasser, wasser all 'round, but not a drop (hic) to drink."

"Mr. Johnson, does you know whar de sailors got dat name 'tars' applied to dem?"

"Sure! in some pitched battle, of coase, suh."

Fuzz—"So your wife didn't detect that you had been drinking?"

Fife—"No. The story I told took my breath away."

"I should like most," said the dreamy boarder, "to be a great painter."

"The sculptor cuts a pretty figure sometimes," said Peppers.

Pat—"Phwat kind of a langwich do thim Spaniards speake, anyway?"

Mike—"Begorra! they make tomorrow rhyme wid banana."

Mamma—"Ethel, what do you mean by shouting in that disgraceful fashion? See how quiet Willie is!"

Ethel—"Of course he's quiet; that's our game. He's papa coming home late, and I'm you."

Dill—"In what respect does Spain excel all other nations?"

Jill—"Why, Spain has the finest submarine navy in the world."

"At the meeting of our Browning Society last night, all the lights suddenly went out."

"Ha, ha! You all found yourselves groping in the dark, as usual, didn't you?"

Mabel—"I suppose you have heard of sister Lou's marriage. She's taken a flat in Brooklyn."

Miss Jellus—"Yes, I heard she had a flat; but didn't hear where she had taken him."

"Sir," said the beggar on Chestnut Street, "I have seen better days and"—

"Yes," said Wigwag, mopping his steaming brow; "so have I. Scorchin', isn't it?"

Mrs. Fogg—"It is kinder funny that you should have fallen in love with me."

Mr. Fogg—"Funny? It is perfectly ridiculous."

Mrs. Fogg (sotto voice)—"Hateful thing!"

Judy—"Ah, Dinnis, it do be shtrange to hear ye talkin' that way, whin it was yerself that used to be tellin' me that Ol was the shwatest craychure in the wurruld."

Dinnis—"Did Oliver till yez that, Judy?"

Judy—"Indade, an' ye did, Dinnis."

Dinnis—"Well, I invy meself the condition Ol musth hav be'n in at the tolme."

Jack—"That Miss Beverly to whom I bowed just now is a regular Klondike."

Tom—"That so? Rich?"

Jack—"Yes; also cold and distant."

Hicks—"I felt so queer last night, after I went to bed. My head was spinning around awfully."

Wicks—"Good! Slept like a top, didn't you?"

Tom—"George and Laura have been married two years and they are still billing and cooing."

Duke—"Yes. She coos and he pays the bills."

"Oh, spare me!" screamed the actress slim,
As in the play he viewed her.
"You're spare enough!" sneered Ugly Jim—
And the villain still pursued her.

Mrs. Oatsby—"Well, I never!"
Farmer Oatsby—"What's the matter?"

Mrs. Oatsby—"Here's a show comin', next week, an' it says 'Mr. Hamfat, supported by Marie Futtites.' Et's a party pass when a grown man can't support himself!"

"Out of work again, Pat? I thought that old skinflint gave you a job?"

"He did, sor; but Ol'll be kilt afore Ol'll starve to death for the sake of kapin' aloive, sor."

Impassioned Lover—"Tell me, my angel, what to do to prove my love. O that I might, like some knight of old, battle for you, suffer for you, die for you!"

Sweet Girl—"I wish you would give up smoking."

Impassioned Lover—"Oh, come, now! that is asking too much."

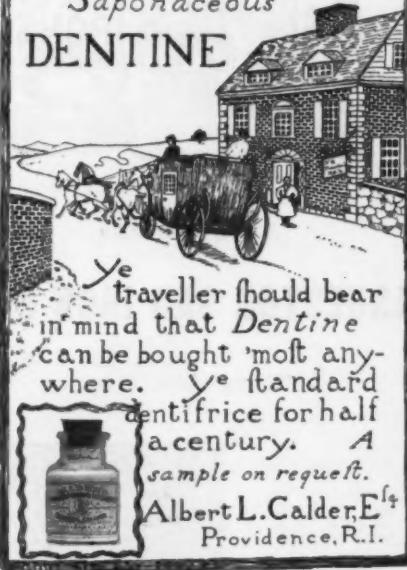
A dairy maid a diary kept,
She kept it neatly, very;
And the diary that she kept, she kept
The while she kept the dairy.
For the dairy diary that she kept
She kept in the dairy gayly.
This dainty, diligent, dairy maid
Kept the dairy diary daily.

"I can never look at an incubator without thinking of George Washington," remarked the snake editor.

"Go on," replied the horse editor, in a resigned manner.

"If the incubator could speak it would say, proudly, as it surveyed its numerous output of chickens, 'I did it with my little hatch-it.'"

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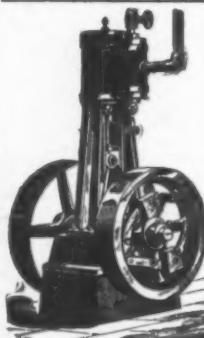
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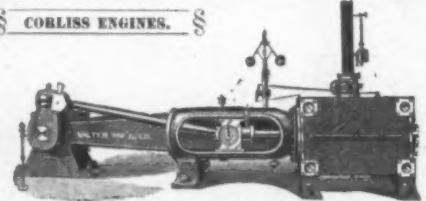
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